# Newport Mercury.

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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterton, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Unsey, President; Miss B. M. Danahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbidge, Master Workman; Perry B. Dudley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALRONE LODGE, No. 63, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittie G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 3, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett J. Gorton, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—Robert B. Munroe, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### Investigating Cremators.

Mayor William P. Clarke, President Joseph Haire of the Board of Health, and Dr. Rufus E. Darrah have been in New Bedford this week for the purpose of looking into the method of disposing of house offal there. A well equipped cremator was found which destroys the offal without annoyance to anyone. It is located some two miles out and is in the midst of a wilderness so that there are no neighbors to be annoyed by offensive odors. Owing to its remote location no special care is used to make the place odorless and the air in the neighborhood is pretty strong but under different conditions the disposal of the offal could be done with less odor. A part of the residue from the burning is disposed of to outside parties to be made into soap and perfumery.

Thoughtful citizens of Newport, both among the members of the city government and outside, have long believed that Newport's method of disposing of house offal leaves much to be desired. The swill scow is neither a thing of beauty nor of fragrance and in spite of every effort there are frequent complaints of swill washing ashore at Newport and at neighboring places. The neighborhood of the City Dock on a hot day is frequently rendered unpleasant by the presence of the swill scow and it is felt that it is time that some more modern method should be adopted. This feeling is no new thing for from the start the present method has been regarded as unsatisfactory. A cremator has been talked of for years but the greatest question seems to be where such a plant should be located as in the past the citizens of every section of the city have resisted strenuously any suggestion that a cremator should be placed in their neighborhood.

A despatch from Washington the first of the week announced that President Roosevelt would spend a week here beginning the 15th of August. It was stated that he would be the guest of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who is an intimate friend of the President's daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. The despatch did not originate in Newport but was sent from Washington. Another despatch states that the President will leave Oyster Bay on the Mayflower for Plymouth, Mass., to take part in the celebration of the signing of the compact on board the Mayflower on August 19th and will return immediately, making no mention of any visit to Newport.

Colonel C. L. F. Robinson is in Mexico.

### Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening the generous offer of ex-Mayor F. P. Garrattson to provide a life net for the use of the Newport fire department was refused and the check was returned to him. Ex-Mayor Boyle was the principal opponent of the acceptance of the gift.

The regular weekly payrolls of the various departments were approved. There was considerable talk about the matter of filling in the pier at King Park, and the street department was authorized to sell to the park commission refuse stone at the city quarry and cart the same at a cost not to exceed $200. The board of health also called attention to a sewer outlet near King Park which is very offensive at low tide and which should be extended further into the harbor. The matter was referred to the street commissioner to investigate and report at the next meeting.

A petition was received from the Old Colony Street Railway Company for permission to erect two new poles in the streets, one to accommodate Col. C. L. F. Robinson and the other to accommodate Mr. James V. Parker. The petitioners were given leave to withdraw, as the board did not think it advisable to erect new poles in the streets and where but one party was to be accommodated it was believed that the poles should be erected on private land.

A communication was read from ex-Mayor Frederick P. Garrettson expressing a wish to present to the city a life net for use in the fire department and enclosing his check for $100 therefor. Alderman Boyle stated that the fire department had decided that a life net was unnecessary and he considered the gift a reflection on the board as being unwilling to provide the necessary equipment for the department. After considerable discussion it was voted to return Mr. Garrettson's check with thanks for his offer.

Alderman Shepley was appointed a committee to consider painting the walls of the office of the park commission in the City Hall. The board went into executive session to consider the list of delinquent tax payers.

### Newport County Fair.

The tenth annual fair of the Newport County Agricultural Society will be held on the Society's grounds in Portsmouth on September 10, 11, 12, 13. These fairs improve every year and the one this year is expected to keep up the record.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pinto has been removed from her parents' residence on Charles street to the Newport Hospital suffering from an attack of scarlet fever. There was serious objection on the part of the parents to allowing the child to be removed from home and when the board of health officials called to make arrangements for taking her to the hospital they refused to let her go. After stating his position without avail Executive Officer Sampson called upon the police department to assist the board in enforcing the rules made for preserving the health of the city. Chief of Police Crowley personally investigated the matter and was successful in persuading the parents to allow the child to be taken. The board of health finds it imperative to remove all cases of contagious diseases in the compact part of the city in order to prevent further contagion.

The Fort Adams Band of this city went to Providence on Thursday to take part in the parade of the firemen there. As usual the union musicians declined to play and the Fort Band was immediately placed at the head of the line to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of the National Band. The same fuss was had with union musicians a year ago by the firemen and in consequence many union bands that had been engaged last year did not receive a request to participate this year, many of the organizations having formed drum corps of their own.

The Newport Artillery Company went to Providence on Friday to take part in the military parade there for the Old Home Week celebration. The trip was made in a special car leaving here at 8.10 in the morning. The command went with full ranks and a pleasant outing was anticipated. Dinner was enjoyed at Vanity Fair.

Mr. E. R. Thomas, one of our well known summer residents, escaped serious injury in an automobile accident on Wednesday near Lake Bluff. He had several guests with him, all of whom were more or less bruised and badly shaken up.

Mr. James G. Topham, Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham and Miss Madeline Ferris are at East Wakefield, N. H., where they will spend several weeks.

### The Providence Celebration.

The celebrations at Providence and Boston this week do not seem to have possessed much interest for Newporters, at least not enough to induce many to visit those cities to see the sights. In another way however they are of great interest, as Newporters watch their Providence friends go through the same troubles that we experienced during our affairs of the past two years. There are many business men in Providence who look upon the celebration as a detriment to business, just as there were here. There is also the same old trouble in arranging the programme and frequent announcements that this or that feature will be omitted owing to lack of funds or lack of interest. The decorations on Providence buildings are below the standard and fall far short of those seen in Newport at her celebrations. The "barber poles" on Exchange place also give cause for amusement as the party in charge of this feature was apparently ignorant of the names of the towns in the State.

But perhaps the most amusing feature of the whole celebration is the desire of the city of Providence to be considered a metropolis. Each day the Providence newspapers have presented sketches of country visitors from the suburbs "rubber-necking" at their great sky-scrapers of nine or ten stories, but when it is remembered that there are few people in the State who are not familiar with larger cities than Providence the attempt to be metropolitan is very provocative of laughter. Still another amusing feature was the attempt to make the Old Home Week pertain to the whole State, for Providence has such a strong belief that it comprises all that is worth while in the State of Rhode Island that it could not understand that the State as a whole would not jump at the chance to be a very large tail to a very small dog.

### Buenzle Case Appealed.

At a special session of the Superior Court on Wednesday, Judge Mumford presiding, the case of Fred J. Buenzle vs. the Newport Amusement Association was certified to the Supreme Court on appeal from the decision of the lower court. The plaintiff had obtained a judgment for 25 cents, which merely covered the price of his ticket and was in effect a verdict for the defense. The court found that the defendants had violated no law in refusing to admit him to their dancing pavilion and that they had the right to exclude anybody for any reason or without giving a reason. The plaintiff claimed that he was refused admission because he wore the uniform of the United States Navy and his case has been assisted by contributions of money from President Roosevelt and other distinguished citizens. The case involves merely a question of law, there being no dispute about the essential facts. Therefore the case has never been heard by a jury.

The new Stone Bridge was opened for general use on Sunday last and in consequence there was great rejoicing among those who have occasion to use it. There were a great many persons who went out to the bridge on Sunday for the purpose of looking at the new structure and riding over it and travel on the street cars was heavy all day. The Island road put on a fifteen minute schedule—or rather what was intended to be that—but owing to many difficulties the service was very greatly delayed, three hours and a half being required to go from Newport to Fall River part of the time. As this was the first day for the short schedule trouble had been anticipated, but it was straightened out as soon as possible and since then very good time has been maintained.

Motorman George V. Lucier, formerly connected with the Newport & Fall River Street Railway until about two months ago, was instantly killed in a collision between two electric cars on the Norwich & Westerly Electric Road near North Stonington on Thursday. Lucier was the motorman on a passenger car that collided with a freight car head on. He was killed and a number of passengers and employes were severely injured. The dead man was unmarried and his parents and several brothers and sisters live in Worcester, Mass.

The July weather report as prepared by Observer W. L. Day at Block Island shows that the temperature for the month was one-tenth degree above the average for the past 27 years. The highest temperature was 85 degrees on the 19th and the lowest 56 on the 4th, while the average for the month was 68. The average temperature for the year is 2.4 degrees below the average for 27 years. The rainfall for July was below normal, being 1.42 inches below the average.

Mr. George L. Swan, of Stamford, Conn., is visiting his aunt, Miss Sallie Swan, on Division street.

### Prince Wilhelm of Sweden.

Prince Wilhelm of Sweden will arrive in Newport on the Swedish armored cruiser Fylgia on August 22nd and will leave on August 25th, the few days of his stay being filled with entertainments arranged by members of the summer colony. A battleship of the North Atlantic fleet will remain in the harbor while the distinguished visitor is here.

On the evening of the arrival of the Fylgia, the Prince will be entertained at dinner by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. This will be followed by a dance, given by Mrs. Edward J. Berwind.

On the following day the time has been left open in order that the Prince may have an opportunity to see the city and enjoy himself in whatever way he may see fit. In the evening he will be the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Ogden Mills. On Aug. 24, he will be entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Berwind, and in the afternoon will be entertained at a garden party, given by Mrs. Richard Gambrill. The decks of the Fylgia will be a scene of gayety in the evening, for at that time he will entertain his American friends on board the cruiser at dinner, followed by a dance. His visit at Newport will close on Aug. 25, when he will be tendered a farewell luncheon by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

From Newport Prince Wilhelm will go to Boston and thence to Providence.

Hon. Booker T. Washington, president of Tuskegee Institute, will deliver an address at the regular Sunday morning service at the Channing Memorial Church on August 25th. In the evening of that day he will address the congregation of the United Congregational Church.

It is understood that the Stuart portrait of Washington in the old State House in this city will not be sent to the Jamestown exposition as was at first intended. Newport sentiment has been strongly opposed to any such action.

The employes of the Newport & Fall River Street Railway are expressing dissatisfaction at the orders that have been posted transferring certain ones of them to the jurisdiction of the Fall River division. There has been considerable talk of a strike if the rule is carried into effect.

Mr. W. Perry Bradley will go to Vancouver, B. C., to fill the position of physical director of the Vancouver Athletic Club on September 1. Mr. Bradley is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Bradley of this city, but is at present connected with the Y. M. C. A. at Malden, Mass.

Mr. Harold Gilpin, son of the veteran newspaper correspondent, John Gilpin, is spending his two weeks vacation with his parents. Young Gilpin has a lucrative position with the Royal Baking Powder Co. in New York.

James Brophy, Jr., a young boy, found a railroad torpedo on Wednesday and exploded it with the result that his hand was severely injured. He was taken to the Newport Hospital for treatment.

Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the second squadron of the Atlantic fleet, will go on the retired list on August 29, his place being taken by Rear Admiral Charles M. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. George I. Anthony of Portsmouth were thrown from their carriage while driving near Power street in that town Thursday evening and received painful injuries.

Benjamin Thaw and family of New York and Pittsburg arrived at their residence in this city Friday evening. They were not here last year.

The Newport Naval Reserves went to Providence on Friday to take part in the street parade there. The trip was made by boat.

The old chapel of the United Congregational Church is being torn down to make place for the new one that will be erected at once.

Mr. Arthur M. Wellington, formerly of this city but now of Swansea, Mass., was a visitor here the past week.

Mrs. John H. Sweet, Jr., spent a few days in Providence the past week, guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Allen.

The National Lawn Tennis Tournament will begin on the grounds of the Newport Casino on August 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Otto of New York are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Otto on Cannon street.

Mrs. Overton G. Langley has returned from an extended visit to New York and Brooklyn.

The crews of the various life saving stations along the coast went on duty for the year on August 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Aylesworth are visiting friends at Edgewood, R. I.

### Recent Deaths.

Miss Phebe A. Albro.

Miss Phebe A. Albro, daughter of the late David P. and Phebe A. Albro, died at her home on Third street on Sunday after an illness of long duration. While comparatively an invalid all these years, she was most patient and uncomplaining, and bore her affliction with remarkable Christian fortitude. Her every day life seemed to be filled with sunshine and she made her friends feel brighter and happier for her acquaintance with them.

A brother and a sister survive her: Mr. Herbert C. Albro and Mrs. William G. Stevens.

### Wedding Bells.

Mrs. Mary E. Gladding and Mr. Lewis A. Barlow were quietly married at the parsonage of the First Baptist John Clarke Memorial Church Wednesday evening, Rev. E. A. Johnson officiating. The couple were attended by Mr. Ernest Gladding, son of the bride, and Mrs. Isaac C. Chappell. Mr. and Mrs. Barlow left on the 9 o'clock train for Boston on their wedding trip.

Forty-eight years ago Newport celebrated "Old Home Week" in a fitting and decorous manner. Twenty-three years ago last Fourth of July she repeated the celebration. These were both occasions long to be remembered by all who participated in them. These were true old home week celebrations and the returning sons and daughters, whose number was legion, came to their old home for a week's thorough enjoyment. Newport can truly be said to have been the pioneer in these old home week celebrations. She started them forty-eight years ago. Two years from now she ought to repeat the entertainment and thus once in twenty-five years make a demonstration worthy of the name.

The Bristol Train of Artillery, is in camp near Island Park in the town of Portsmouth, having arrived there from Bristol Sunday morning. They are under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Cheesemen who has about 35 men with him. The camp is delightfully situated some two miles from Bristol Ferry and about ten minutes walk from Island Park. While the Artillery has been in camp they have had many visitors from their home town.

Mr. F. P. Garrettson recently celebrated his birthday anniversary and was the recipient of a number of gifts, among the number being a handsome watch chain locket from the employes of his New York store and a pretty stick pin studded with pearls and diamonds from his employes at his Newport branch.

Captain Edward Wilcox, department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, will be tendered a complimentary clam dinner at the Palace Gardens on Thursday next. Captain Wilcox is well known in Newport and has a host of friends here.

Mr. Albin B. Nelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bent A. Nelson, died in Laurel, Md., Monday night. He formerly resided in this city and was a member of the Knights of Pythias. The body was brought to this city for interment.

There was a complaint of overspeeding filed at the police station against the chauffeur of the French embassy but after the matter had been explained to the police the affair was dropped.

The Federation of American Motorcyclists will be in Newport today. They will visit Narragansett Pier, returning to Newport, and enjoying a spin around the Ocean Drive.

Sheriff Anthony and Deputy Sheriff DeBlois were in Providence the past week seeing the sights which that city afforded during its Old Home Week celebration.

Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt is visiting Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont at "Belcourt."

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Bulkeley have returned from a visit to Bar Harbor.

### Election of Officers.

Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company.

Board of Directors—Messrs. R. S. Goff, H. S. Read, Melville Bull, A. C. Landers, C. A. Brackett, Angus McLeod, George R. Chase.

President—P. F. Sullivan, Lowell, Mass.

Vice President—Melville Bull, Middletown, R. I.

Secretary—A. C. Landers, Newport, R. I.

Treasurer—J. H. Goodspeed, Boston, Mass.

Assistant Treasurer—H. H. Read, Fall River, Mass.

General Auditor—A. Dana Bartlett, Lowell, Mass.

Attorney—William P. Sheffield, Jr.

Executive Committee—P. F. Sullivan, Melville Bull, Robert S. Goff.

### Newport Golf Club.

The following programme of events has been arranged at the Newport Golf Club:

First Event—Saturday, Aug. 3, 18 hole, medal play, competition for a cup offered by Mr. Lispenard Stewart.

Second Event—Wednesday, Aug. 7, 18 hole match play, mixed foursomes. Prizes given by Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore.

Third Event—Saturday, Aug. 10, 18 hole bogey competition. Prize offered by Mr. Alexander Morten.

Fourth Event—Wednesday, Aug. 14, 18 hole match play competition for the prize offered by Mr. Clarence W. Dolan.

Fifth Event—Wednesday, Aug 21, 18 hole medal play, best eight scores to continue at medal play for first cup. Second eight best scores to continue for second cup. Prizes presented by Mr. Ogden Mills.

Sixth Event—Saturday, Aug. 24, 18 hole bogey competition for the President's cup presented by Mr. George L. Rives.

### Middletown.

Arrangements are being completed for the annual fair to be given on Wednesday, August 14, at St. George's School of St. Columba's Guild for the benefit of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. The Harry K. Howard orchestra will furnish music afternoon and evening.

Miss Luella Sisson, daughter of Mr. William H. Sisson, who was operated upon Sunday evening for appendicitis, is gaining favorably.

Mrs. H. H. Critchlow is attending the "Narragansett Assembly" at East Greenwich.

The committee appointed at the last quarterly conference of the Middletown M. E. Church to look up a suitable location for holding a clambake, has at last decided upon the Bryer Farm. This location is very convenient to the car line being situated on the corner of Turner's road and the East Main road. The Farm has been used for a golf course for a number of years and is well known. The bake will be held on Wednesday, August 21st.

Mrs. J. Mitchell Clark entertained St. Columba's Guild last week, taking the ladies through her Italian and kitchen gardens at the close of the meeting. The gardens are a never-ending source of pleasure to all who are permitted to enjoy them, the plants all being in full bloom and pink rambler roses climbing in riotous profusion over the Gothic entrance to the garden and along the rocks and crevasses that border its sides.

A most enjoyable day was spent on Wednesday by the members of the M. E. Church at their annual picnic which was again held on Indian Avenue on the grounds of Mr. Ira Wilbur of Newport. A grove of trees with tables and seats, near the road, proved a pleasant spot for the noon lunch and the afternoon was spent in a social way along the shore and at the Wilbur Cottage which commands a fine view of the Bay. Among the guests from out of town were Miss Jessie Farnum of Peru, Vt., Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Howland, Jr., of Boston, Mrs. Phoebe Smith, Mrs. Bessie Dunham and Mr. Stephen Barker of Newport, also Mrs. Aaron Coggeshall, mother of Mr. Fred Coggeshall, of Newport who is most always seen at these gatherings.

The Epworth League will hold their annual lawn party and sale on Tuesday at the M. E. Parsonage. Supper will be served from 6 to 8 and there will be music by the orchestra in the evening.

There will be a new innovation in "the Children's Day" observance at Aquidneck Grange this year. Contrary to the usual custom of having any entertainment by the little folks followed by games etc., a picnic will be held at "Vaneluse" which will include grangers and their friends. The regular evening meeting of the Grange will be omitted in favor of the picnic which will be held on Thursday afternoon. The affair will be in charge of Mrs. Rescom S. Peckham, and Mrs. Howard R. Peckham of Middletown, and Mrs. George W. Smith of Newport.

Work on the new Witherbee Schoolhouse on Hunnewell Hill is progressing rapidly. The exterior is about completed and the building is apparently an exact duplicate of the old structure which was destroyed in the spring. The building committee seemed to consider that the previous school-house answered all the requirements, and so decided to make little change in the plans.

### Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented the newly erected house on Hunter avenue, between Champlin street and Kay street, belonging to Mrs. Mary H. Horgan, to Mrs. Jones-Colford of New York, on lease.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the Heirs of the late Alfred Smith, store No. 117 Bellevue Avenue, next to the Clifton House, to Mademoiselle Clara F. Parvinvico of New York city, for the business of a modiste, gowns and robes.

Patrolman James Hare of the police force has tendered his resignation by request of the police commission. Charges had been preferred against him, and when first requested to resign a few days ago he had declined to do so.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden have ended their Newport visit. While in the city they were guests of Mr. Ogden Mills.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Annie Goddard Bullock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Bullock, to Mr. Victor Baxter.

# Martin Hewitt, Investigator.

## The Case of Mr. Foggatt.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

Published by Arrangement With Harper & Brothers.

THE old house wherein my chambers and Hewitt's office were situated contained, besides my own, two or three more bachelors' dens, in addition to the offices on the ground and first and second floors. At the very top of all, at the back, a fat, middle aged man named Foggatt occupied a set of four rooms.

Mr. Foggatt appeared to have few friends, but lived in something as nearly approaching luxury as an old bachelor in chambers can live. The man himself was not altogether prepossessing. Fat as he was, he had a way of carrying his head forward on his extended neck and gazing wholly about with a pair of the roundest and most prominent eyes I remember to have ever seen, except in a fish. On the whole, his appearance was rather vulgar, rather arrogant and rather suspicious, without any very pronounced quality of any sort. But certainly he was not pretty. In the end, however, he was found shot dead in his sitting room.

It was in this way: Hewitt and I had dined together at my club and late in the evening had returned to my rooms to smoke and discuss whatever came uppermost. We sat talking while time went unperceived, when suddenly we were startled by a loud report. Clearly it was in the building. We listened for a moment, but heard nothing else, and then Hewitt expressed his opinion that the report was that of a gunshot. Gunshots in residential chambers are not common things, wherefore I got up and went to the landing, looking up the stairs and down.

At the top of the next flight I saw Mrs. Clayton, the housekeeper. She appeared to be frightened and told me that the report came from Mr. Foggatt's room. She thought he might have had an accident with the pistol that usually lay on his mantelpiece. We went upstairs with her, and she knocked at Mr. Foggatt's door.

There was no reply. Through the ventilating fanlight over the door it could be seen that there were lights within, a sign, Mrs. Clayton maintained, that Mr. Foggatt was not out. We knocked again, much more loudly, and called, but still ineffectually. The door was locked, and an application of the housekeeper's key proved that the tenant's key had been left in the lock inside. Mrs. Clayton's conviction that "something had happened" became distressing, and in the end Hewitt pried open the door with a small poker.

Something had happened. In the sitting room Mr. Foggatt sat with his head bowed over the table, quiet and still. The head was ill to look at, and by it lay a large revolver, of the full sized army pattern. Mrs. Clayton ran back toward the landing with faint screams.

"Run, Brett!" said Hewitt. "A doctor and a policeman!"

I bounced down the stairs half a flight at a time, but it took me a good

*Something had happened.*

five minutes to find a medico, after being led astray by a red lamp at a private hotel, and another five to get back with a policeman.

Foggatt was dead, without a doubt. Probably had shot himself, the doctor thought, from the powder blackening and other circumstances. Certainly nobody could have left the room by the door, or he must have passed my landing, while the fact of the door being found locked from the inside made the thing impossible. There were two windows to the room, both of which were shut, one being fastened by the catch, while the catch of the other was broken—an old fracture. Below these windows was a sheer drop of fifty feet or more, without a foot or hand hold near. The windows in the other rooms were shut and fastened. Certainly it seemed suicide—unless it were one of those accidents that will occur to people who fiddle ignorantly with firearms. Soon the rooms were in possession of the police, and we were turned out.

We looked in at the housekeeper's kitchen, where her daughter was reviving and calming Mrs. Clayton with gin and water. Hewitt took a small bottle of sewing machine oil from his pocket and handed it to the daughter, thanking her for the loan.

There was little evidence at the inquest. The shot had been heard, the body had been found—that was the practical sum of the matter. No friends or relatives of the dead man came forward. The doctor gave his opinion as to the probability of suicide or an accident, and the police evidence tended in the same direction. Nothing had been found to indicate that any other person had been near the dead man's rooms on the night of the fatality. On the other hand, his papers, bank book, etc., proved him to be a man of considerable substance, with no apparent motive for suicide. The jury found that Mr. Foggatt had died by accident.

"Well, Brett," Hewitt asked me afterward, "what do you think of the verdict?"

I said that it seemed to be the most reasonable one possible and to square with the common sense view of the case.

"Yes," he replied, "perhaps it does. Nevertheless Mr. Foggatt did not shoot himself. He was shot by a rather tall, active young man, perhaps a sailor, but certainly a gymnast—a young man whom I think I could identify if I saw him."

"But how do you know this?"

"By the simplest possible inferences, which you may easily guess if you will but think."

"But, then, why didn't you say this at the inquest?"

"My dear fellow, they don't want my inferences and conjectures at an inquest. They only want evidence. If I had traced the murderer, of course then I should have communicated with the police."

"But, if you are right, how did the man get away?"

"Come, we are near home now. Let us take a look at the back of the house. He couldn't have left by Foggatt's landing door, as we know; and as he was there (I am certain of that), and as the chimney is out of the question—for there was a good fire in the grate—he must have gone out by the window. Only one window is possible—that with the broken catch—for all the others were fastened inside. Out of that window, then, he went."

"But how? The window is fifty feet up."

"Of course it is. But why will you persist in assuming that the only way of escape by a window is downward? See, now, look up there. The window is at the top floor, and it has a very broad sill. Over the window is nothing but the flat face of the gable end, but to the right and a foot or two above the level of the top of the window an iron gutter ends. Observe it is not of lead composition, but a strong iron gutter, supported just at its end by an iron bracket. If a tall man stood on the end of the window sill steadying himself by the left hand and leaning to the right, he could just touch the end of this gutter with his right hand. The full stretch, toe to finger, is seven feet three inches. I have measured it. An active gymnast or a sailor could catch the gutter with a slight spring and by it draw himself up on the roof. You will say he would have to be very active, dexterous and cool. So he would. And that very fact helps us, because it narrows the field of inquiry. We know the sort of man to look for. Because, being certain (as I am) that the man was in the room, I know that he left in the way I am telling you. He must have left in some way, and, all the other ways being impossible, this alone remains, difficult as the feat may seem. The fact of his shutting the window behind him further proves his coolness and address at so great a height from the ground."

All this was very plain, but the main point was still dark.

"You say you know that another man was in the room," I said. "How do you know that?"

"As I said, by an obvious inference. Come, now, you shall guess how I arrived at that inference. You saw everything in the room as plainly as I myself. Did you see a newspaper, for instance?"

"Yes; there was an evening paper on the floor, but I didn't examine it."

"Anything else?"

"On the table there was a whisky decanter, taken from the tantalus stand on the sideboard, and one glass. That, by the bye," I added, "looked as though only one person were present."

"So it did perhaps, although the inference wouldn't be very strong. Go on."

"There was a fruit stand on the sideboard, with a plate beside it, containing a few nutshells, a piece of apple, a pair of nut crackers and, I think, some orange peel. There was, of course, all the ordinary furniture, but no chair pulled up to the table except that used by Foggatt himself. That's all I noticed, I think. Stay—there was an ash tray on the table and a partly burned cigar near it—only one cigar, though."

"Excellent—excellent, indeed, as far as memory and simple observation go. Don't you remember everything that I did as we went downstairs?"

"You returned a bottle of oil to the housekeeper's daughter, I think."

"I did. Doesn't that give you a hint? Come, you surely have it now?"

"I haven't."

"Then I shan't tell you. You don't deserve it. Think, and don't mention the subject again till you have at least one guess to make. Goodby. I'm off now. There's a case in hand I can't neglect."

"Don't you propose to go further into this, then?"

Hewitt shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not a policeman," he said. "The case is in very good hands. Of course if anybody comes to me to do it as a matter of business I'll take it up. It's very interesting, but I can't neglect my regular work for it. Naturally, I shall keep my eyes open and my memory in order. Sometimes these things come into the hands by themselves, as it were. In that case, of course, I am a loyal citizen and ready to help the law. Au revoir."

I am a busy man myself and saw no more of Hewitt for six weeks. One evening we together turned into Luzatti's, off Coventry street, for dinner.

"I have been here several times lately," Hewitt said. "They feed you very well. No, not that table"—he seized my arm as I turned to an unoccupied corner—"I fancy it's draffty." He led the way to a longer table where a dark, lithe and (as well as could be seen) tall young man already sat and took chairs opposite him.

We had scarcely seated ourselves before Hewitt broke into a torrent of conversation on the subject of bicycling. As our previous conversation had been of a literary sort and as I had never known Hewitt at any other time to show the slightest interest in bicycling, this rather surprised me. I had, however, such a general outsider's grasp of the subject as is usual in a journalist of all work and managed to keep the talk going from my side. As we went on I could see the face of the young man opposite brighten with interest. He was a rather fine looking fellow with a dark, though very clear skin, but had a hard, angry look of eye, a prominence of cheek bone and a squareness of jaw that gave him a rather uninviting aspect.

"Of course," Hewitt said, "we've a number of very capital men just now, but I believe a deal in the forgotten riders of five, ten and fifteen years back. Nobody ever beat Curtis—except—let me see—I think somebody beat Curtis once. Who was it, now? I can't remember."

"Liles," said the young man opposite, looking up quickly.

"Ah, yes, Liles it was—Charley Liles. Wasn't it a championship?"

"Mile championship. Curtis won the other three, though."

"Yes, so he did. I saw Curtis when he first broke the old 2:46 mile record." And straightway Hewitt and the stranger plunged into a whirl of talk of bicycles, tricycles, records and racing cyclists.

Our new friend, it seemed, had himself been a prominent racing bicyclist a few years back and was presently, at Hewitt's request, exhibiting a neat gold medal that hung at his watch guard. That was won, he explained, in the old full bicycle days, the days of bad tracks, when every racing cyclist carried cinder scars on his face from numerous accidents. He pointed to a blue mark on his forehead, which, he told us, was a track scar, and described a bad fall that had cost him two teeth and broken others. The gaps among his teeth were plain to see as he smiled.

Presently the waiter brought dessert, and the young man opposite took an apple. Nut crackers and a fruit knife lay on our side of the stand, and Hewitt turned the stand to offer him the knife.

"No, thanks," he said. "I only polish a good apple; never peel it. It's a mistake except with thick skinned foreign ones."

And he began to munch the apple as only a boy or a healthy athlete can. Presently he turned his head to order coffee. To my unutterable amazement, Hewitt reached swiftly across the table, snatched the half eaten apple from the young man's plate and pocketed it, gazing immediately with an abstracted air at a painted Cupid on the ceiling.

Our neighbor turned again, looked doubtfully at his plate and the tablecloth about it and then shot a keen glance in the direction of Hewitt. He said nothing, however, but took his coffee and his bill, deliberately drank the former, gazing quietly at Hewitt as he did it, paid the latter and left.

Immediately Hewitt was on his feet and, taking an umbrella which stood near, followed. Just as he reached the door he met our late neighbor, who had turned suddenly back.

"Your umbrella, I think," Hewitt said, offering it.

"Yes, thanks." But the man's eye had more than its former hardness, and his jaw muscles tightened as I looked. He turned and went. Hewitt came back to me. "Pay the bill," he said, "and go back to your rooms. I will come on later. I must follow this man. It's the Foggatt case." As he went out I heard a cab rattle away and immediately after it another.

I paid the bill and went home. It was 10 o'clock before Hewitt turned up, calling in at his office below on his way up to me.

"Mr. Sidney Mason," he said, "is the gentleman the police will be wanting tomorrow, I expect, for the Foggatt murder. He is as smart a man as I remember ever meeting, and has done me rather neatly twice this evening."

"You mean the man we sat opposite at Luzatti's, of course?"

"Yes. I got his name of course from the reverse of that gold medal he was good enough to show me. But I fear he has bilked me over the address. He suspected me, that was plain, and left his umbrella by way of experiment to see if I were watching him sharply enough to notice the circumstance and to avail myself of it to follow him. I was hasty and fell into the trap. He cabbed it away from Luzatti's, and I cabbed it after him. He has led me a pretty dance up and down London tonight, and two cabbies have made quite a stroke of business out of us. In the end he entered a house of which of course I have taken the address, but I expect he doesn't live there. He is too smart a man to lead me to his den, but the police can certainly find something of him at the house he went in at—and, I expect, left by the back way. By the way, you never guessed that simple little puzzle as to how I found that this was a murder, did you? You see it now, of course?"

"Something to do with that apple you stole, I suppose?"

"Something to do with it? I should think so, you worthy innocent. Just ring your bell. We'll borrow Mrs. Clayton's sewing machine oil again. On the night we broke into Foggatt's room you saw the nutshells and the bitten remains of an apple on the sideboard, and you remembered it, and yet you couldn't see that in that piece of apple possibly lay an important piece of evidence.

"First, now, the apple was white. A bitten apple, as you must have observed, turns of a reddish brown color if left to stand long. Different kinds of apples brown with different rapidities, and the browning always begins at the core. The apple on the sideboard was, as near as I could tell, a Newtown Pippin or other apple of that kind, which will brown at the core in from twenty minutes to half an hour and in other parts in a quarter of an hour more. When we saw it, it was white, with barely a tinge of brown about the exposed core. Inference—somebody had been eating it fifteen or twenty minutes before, perhaps a little longer—an inference supported by the fact that it was only partly eaten.

"I examined that apple and found it bore marks of very irregular teeth. While you were gone I oiled it over and, rushing down to my rooms, where I always have a little plaster of paris handy for such work, took a mold of the part where the teeth had left the clearest marks. I then returned the apple to its place for the police to use

*"I must follow this man."*

if they thought fit. Looking at my mold, it was plain that the person who had bitten that apple had lost two teeth, one at top and one below, not exactly opposite, but nearly so. The other teeth, although they would appear to have been fairly sound, were irregular in size and line. Now, the dead man had, as I saw, a very excellent set of false teeth, regular and sharp, with none missing. Therefore it was plain that somebody else had been eating that apple. Do I make myself clear?"

"Quite! Go on!"

"There were other inferences to be made—slighter, but all pointing the same way. For instance, a man of Foggatt's age does not, as a rule, munch an unpeeled apple like a schoolboy. Inference—a young man and healthy. Why I came to the conclusion that he was tall, active, a gymnast and perhaps a sailor I have already told you when we examined the outside of Foggatt's window. It was also pretty clear that robbery was not the motive, since nothing was disturbed, and that a friendly conversation had preceded the murder—witness the drinking and the eating of the apple.

"As I said, after the inquest I was unable to devote any immediate time to the case, but I resolved to keep my eyes open. The man to look for was tall, young, strong and active, with a very irregular set of teeth, a tooth missing from the lower jaw just to the left of the center and another from the upper jaw a little further still toward the left. He might possibly be a person I had seen about the premises (I have a good memory for faces) or, of course, he possibly might not.

"A few days ago I noticed a young man at Luzatti's whom I remembered to have seen somewhere about the offices in this building. He was tall, young and so on, but I had a client with me and was unable to examine him more narrowly. Today, finding the same young man with a vacant seat opposite him, I took the opportunity of making a closer acquaintance."

"You certainly managed to draw him out."

"Oh, yes; the easiest person in the world to draw out is a cyclist. When you see a healthy, well trained looking man, who nevertheless has a slight stoop in the shoulders and, maybe, a medal on his watchguard, it is always a safe card to try him first with a little cycle racing talk. I soon brought Mr. Mason out of his shell, read his name on his medal and had a chance of observing his teeth. Indeed he spoke of them himself. He had lost exactly two teeth—one from the lower jaw just to the left of the center and another from the upper jaw further still toward the left! Trivialities, pointing in the same direction, became important considerations. More, his teeth were irregular throughout and, as nearly as I could remember it, looked remarkably like this little plaster mold of mine."

He produced from his pocket an irregular lump of plaster about three inches long. On one side of this appeared in relief the likeness of two irregular rows of six or eight teeth, minus one in each row, where a deep gap was seen in the position spoken of by my friend. He proceeded:

"This was enough at least to set me after this young man, but he gave me the greatest chance of all when he turned and left his apple (eaten unpeeled, remember—another important triviality) on his plate. I'm afraid I wasn't at all polite, and I ran the risk of arousing his suspicions, but I couldn't resist the temptation to steal it."

He brought the apple from his coat pocket. One bitten side, placed against the upper half of the mold, fitted precisely, a projection of apple filling exactly the deep gap. The other side similarly fitted the lower half.

"There's no getting behind that, you see," Hewitt remarked. "You'll never find two men bite exactly alike, no matter whether they leave distinct teeth marks or not. We'll take another mold from this apple and compare them."

He oiled the apple, heaped a little plaster in a newspaper, took my water jug and rapidly pulled off a hard mold. The parts corresponding to the merely broken places in the apple were, of course, dissimilar, but as to the teeth marks, the impressions were identical.

"That will do, I think," Hewitt said. "Tomorrow morning, Brett, I shall put up these things in a small parcel and take them around to Bow street."

"But are they sufficient evidence?"

"Quite sufficient for the police purpose. There is the man, and all the rest—his movements on the day, and so forth—are simple matters of inquiry. At any rate, that is police business."

I had scarcely sat down to my breakfast on the following morning when Hewitt came into the room and put a long letter before me.

"From our friend of last night," he said. "Read it."

This letter began abruptly and undated and was as follows:

"To Martin Hewitt, Esq.:

"Sir—I must compliment you on the adroitness you exhibited this evening in extracting from me my name. The address I was able to balk you of for the time being, although by the time you read this you will probably have found it through the law list, as I am an admitted solicitor. That, however, will be of little use to you, for I am removing myself, I think, beyond the reach even of your abilities of search. I knew you well by sight and was perhaps foolish to allow myself to be drawn as I did. Still I had no idea that it would be dangerous, especially after seeing you as a witness with very little to say at the inquest upon the scoundrel I shot. Your somewhat discourteous seizure of my apple at first amazed me—indeed, I was a little doubtful as to whether you had really taken it—but it was my first warning that you might be playing a deep game against me, incomprehensible as the action was to my mind. I subsequently reflected that I had been entirely an apple, instead of taking the drink he first offered me, in the dead wretch's rooms on the night he came to his merited end. From this I assume that your design was in some way to compare what remained of the two apples, although I do not presume to fathom the depths of your detective system.

"I do not know by whom you are commissioned to hunt me, nor to what extent you may be acquainted with my connection with the creature I killed. I have sufficient respect for you, however, to wish that you should not regard me as a vicious criminal, and a couple of hours to spare in which to offer you an explanation that may persuade you that such is not altogether the case. A hasty and violent temper I admit possessing, but even now I cannot regret the one crime it has led me into—for it is, I suppose, strictly speaking, a crime—for it was the man Foggatt who made a felon of my father before the eyes of the world and killed him with shame. It was he who murdered my mother and none the less murdered her because she died of a broken heart. That he was also a thief and a hypocrite might have concerned me little but for that.

"Of my father I remember very little. He must, I fear, have been a weak and incapable man in many respects. He had no business abilities—in fact, was quite unable to understand the complicated business matters in which he largely dealt. Foggatt was a consummate master of all those arts of financial jugglery that make so many fortunes and ruin so many others in matters of company promoting, stocks and shares. He was unable to exercise them, however, because of a great financial disaster in which he had been mixed up a few years before and which made his name one to be avoided in future. In these circumstances he made a sort of secret and informal partnership with my father, who, ostensibly alone in the business, acted throughout on the directions of Foggatt, understanding as little of what he did—poor, simple man—as a schoolboy would have done. The transactions carried on went from small to large and unhappily from honorable to dishonorable. In brief, my unhappy and foolish father was a mere tool in the hands of the cunning scoundrel who pulled all the wires of the business, himself unseen and irresponsible. At last three companies for the promotion of which my father was responsible came to grief in a heap. Fraud was written large over all their history, and, while Foggatt retired with his plunder, my father was left to meet ruin, disgrace and imprisonment. From beginning to end he, and he only, was responsible. There was no shred of evidence to connect Foggatt with the matter and no means of escape from the net drawn about my father. He lived through three years of imprisonment, and then, entirely abandoned by the man who had made use of his simplicity, he died—of nothing but shame and a broken heart.

"Of this I knew nothing at the time. Again and again as a small boy I remember asking of my mother why I had no father at home, as other boys had, unconscious of the stab I thus inflicted on her gentle heart. Of her my earliest as well as my latest memory is that of a pale, weeping woman who grudged to let me out of her sight.

"Little by little I learned the whole cause of my mother's grief, for she had no other confidant, and I fear my character developed early, for my first coherent remembrance of the matter is that of a childish design to take a table knife and kill the bad man who had made my father die in prison and caused my mother to cry.

"One thing, however, I never knew: the name of that bad man. Again and again, as I grew older, I demanded to know, but my mother always withheld it from me, with a gentle reminder that vengeance was for a greater hand than mine.

"I was seventeen years of age when my mother died. I believe that nothing but her strong attachment to myself and her desire to see me safely started in life kept her alive so long. Then I found that through all those years of narrowed means she had contrived to scrape and save a little money—sufficient, as it afterward proved, to see me through the examinations for entrance to my profession, with the generous assistance of my father's old legal advisers, who gave me my articles and who have all along treated me with extreme kindness.

"For most of the succeeding years my life does not concern the matter in hand. I was a lawyer's clerk in my benefactor's service, and afterward a qualified man among their assistants. All through the firm were careful, in pursuance of my poor mother's wishes, that I should not learn the name or whereabouts of the man who had wrecked her life and my father's. I first met the man himself at the Cliff-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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The comedian boarder who owed five weeks' back pay was in one of those facetious moods.

"Madam," he chuckled, spearing a green strawberry and holding it above his saucer. "I understand that you entered the boarding-house business merely to save enough money to become an actress. Am I right?"

The landlady stared at him coldly.

"Yes, Mr. Highball," she responded in rasping tones. "I am boarding beats at present so I may be able to beat the boards later on."

And then the comedian boarder left the table without even finishing his dessert.

---

Celia—We do so hope you'll be able to dine with us on Thursday week, dear Lady Gertrude.

Lady Gertrude—I'm so sorry—I'm afraid I can't possibly, as I have to chaperon my maid that evening to one of our village dances in the church schools.—Punch.

---

"Well," remarked the observant young man, "there's one funny thing about selfmade men."

"What's that?" demanded his friend.

"They seldom have daughters who care for self-made dresses."—Philadelphia Press.

---

"An old subscriber wants to know what fur is most economical for poor people," said the stenographer of a woman's magazine.

"Tell her bearskin," said the fashion editor, crankily.—Lippincott's Magazine.

---

First Workman—'E said 'e saw me 'urry. 'E didn't see me 'urry. 'E must 'ave seen you 'urry.

Second Workman (stung to the quick)—'E never saw me 'urry, I never 'urry.—Punch.

---

The twins were giggling after being put to bed, and their mother asked them why.

"Because," said Edith, "you have given me two baths and Alice none at all!"—London News.

---

The Court—Six years at hard labor. You'll get a chance to learn a trade, my man.

Burglar—Judge, couldn't I be permitted to learn it-er-by correspondence course?

## MARTIN HEWITT

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

ton club, where I had gone with an acquaintance who was a member. It was not till afterward that I understood his curious awkwardness on that occasion. A week later I called (as I have frequently done) at the building in which your office is situated on business with a solicitor who has an office on the floor above your own. On the stairs I almost ran against Mr. Foggatt. He started and turned pale, exhibiting signs of alarm that I could not understand and asked me if I wished to see him.

"'No,' I replied, 'I didn't know you lived here. I am after somebody else just now. Aren't you well?'

"He looked at me rather doubtfully and said he was not very well.

"I meet him twice or thrice after that, and on each occasion his manner grew more friendly in a servile, flattering and mean sort of way, a thing unpleasant enough in anybody, but doubly so in the intercourse of a man with another young enough to be his own son. Still, of course, I treated the man civilly enough. On one occasion he asked me into his rooms to look at a rather fine picture he had lately bought and observed casually, lifting a large revolver from the mantelpiece:

"'You see, I am prepared for any unwelcome visitors to my little den! He, he!' Conceiving him, of course, to refer to burglars, I could not help wondering at the forced and hollow character of his laugh. As we went down the stairs he said: 'I think we know one another pretty well now, Mr. Mason, eh? And if I could do anything to advance your professional prospects I should be glad of the chance, of course. If you will drop in tomorrow evening, perhaps I may have a little proposal to make. Will you?'

"I assented, wondering what this proposal could be. I went and was received with a cordiality that even then seemed a little overeffusive. We sat and talked of one thing and another for a long while, and I began to wonder when Mr. Foggatt was coming to the point that most interested me. Several times he invited me to drink and smoke, but long usage to athletic training has given me a distaste for both practices, and I declined. At last he began to talk about myself. He was afraid that my professional prospects in this country were not great, but he had heard that in some of the colonies—South Africa, for example—young lawyers had brilliant opportunities.

"'If you'd like to go there,' he said, 'I've no doubt, with a little capital, a clever man like you could get a grand practice together very soon. Or you might buy a share in some good established practice. I should be glad to let you have £500 or even a little more if that wouldn't satisfy you, and'—

"I stood aghast. Why should this man, almost a stranger, offer me £500, or even more if that wouldn't satisfy me? What claim had I on him? It was very generous of him, of course, but out of the question. I was at least a gentleman and had a gentleman's self respect. Meanwhile he had gone maundering on in a halting sort of way and presently let slip a sentence that struck me like a blow between the eyes.

"'I shouldn't like you to bear ill will because of what has happened in the past,' he said. 'Your late—your late lamented mother—I'm afraid she had unworthy suspicions—I'm sure—it was best for all parties—your father always appreciated'—

"I set back my chair and stood erect before him. This groveling wretch, forcing the words through his dry lips, was the thief who had made another of my father and had brought to miserable ends the lives of both my parents! Everything was clear. The creature went in fear of me, never imagining that I did not know him, and sought to buy me off—to buy me from the remembrance of my dead mother's broken heart for £500—£500 that he had made my father steal for him! I said not a word. But the memory of all my mother's bitter years and a savage sense of this crowning insult to myself took a hold upon me, and I was a tiger. Even then I verily believe that one word of repentance, one tone of honest remorse, would have saved him. But he drooped his eyes, snuffled excuses and stammered of 'unworthy suspicions' and 'no ill will.' I let him stammer. Presently he looked up and saw my face and fell back in his chair sick with terror. I snatched the pistol from the mantelpiece and, thrusting it in his face, shot him where he sat.

"My subsequent coolness and quietness surprise me now. I took my hat and stepped toward the door. But there were voices on the stairs. The door was locked on the inside, and I left it so. I went back and quietly opened a window. Below was a clear drop into darkness and above was plain wall, but away to one side, where the slope of the gable sprang from the roof, an iron gutter ended, supported by a strong bracket. It was the only way. I got upon the sill and carefully shut the window behind me, for people were already knocking at the lobby door. From the end of the sill, holding on by the reveal of the window with one hand, leaning and stretching my utmost, I caught the gutter, swung myself clear and scrambled on the roof. I climbed over many roofs before I found, in an adjoining street, a ladder lashed perpendicularly against the front of a house in course of repair, and I availed myself of it.

"I have taken some time and trouble in order that you (so far as I am aware the only human being beside myself who knows me to be the author of Foggatt's death) shall have at least the means of appraising my crime at its just value of culpability. You see the thing, of course, from your own point of view—I from mine. And I remember my mother! Your obedient servant, SIDNEY MASON."

I read the singular document through and handed it back to Hewitt.

"How does it strike you?" Hewitt asked.

"Mason would seem to be a man of very marked character," I said. "Certainly no fool. And, if his tale is true, Foggatt is no great loss to the world."

"Just so—if the tale is true. Personally I am disposed to believe it is."

"Where was the letter posted?"

"It wasn't posted. It was handed in with the others from the front door letter box this morning in an unstamped envelope. He must have dropped it in himself during the night."

"Where do you suppose he's gone?"

"Impossible to guess. Some might think he meant suicide by the expression 'beyond the reach even of your abilities of search,' but I scarcely think he is the sort of man to do that."

"What shall you do?"

"Put the letter in the box with the casts for the police. Fiat justitia, you know, without any question of sentiment. As to the apple, I really think, if the police will let me, I'll make you a present of it. Keep it somewhere as a souvenir of your absolute deficiency in reflective observation in this case, and look at it whenever you feel yourself growing dangerously conceited. It should cure you."

Of Mr. Sidney Mason we never heard another word. The police did their best, but he had left not a track behind him. His rooms were left almost undisturbed, and he had gone without anything in the way of elaborate preparation for his journey and without leaving a trace of his intentions.

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### The Buluba-Lulua Talk.

Although the Buluba-Lulua language of the Kongo region is remarkably rich in some directions, it shows a no less remarkable paucity of terms in other directions. For example, there is no word for the young of living creatures—the indefinite muana (child) is used for all alike. There is no single word for brother, sister or mother-in-law. The native recognizes only three distinct colors—red, white and black; there is nothing for green or yellow or mauve or saffron pink. The verb dila is made to do service for cry, bawl, bleat, squeal, sing, roar, preach, croak, argue, bray, lecture or tick (as a watch). There are no pronouns indicating sex. There is no satisfactory word for love. The same word which the native uses for God's love he must also use to express his liking for salt or his preference for a certain kind of blanket. Sometimes one fairly cries out in agony for a word to replace some of the strong English terms, like ought, duty, must, obligation, graft, etc.—Rev. W. M. Morrison.

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### Where the Change Comes.

We often hear some neighbor say, "Things were not that way when I was young." But they were. It is not the things that have changed, but ourselves. Our prim and precise aunt may make a fuss because niece strolls down to lovers' lane in the summer twilight, but all the same she would have jumped at a chance to do the same thing thirty years ago. When he came along she went. Mother grumbles because we sit out on the porch and talk a little late, but she forgets how the old man used to call her down good and hard because dad stayed pretty late when he was sparking her. We think the circuses are bummer than they used to be and the clowns are not half as funny. But they are. The winters get just as cold and the summers just as hot. The flies are as thick and the mosquitoes bite just as hard. About the only difference is that in the flowery days of our youth we didn't have troubles. Now we do.—Osborne (Kan.) Farmer.

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## PUBLIC LAWS, PASSED AT THE JANUARY SESSION, 1907.

[The Chapters of the Public Laws are numbered continuously from the General Laws, Revision of 1896.]

CHAPTER 1419.

AN ACT to Provide For the Operation and Maintenance of Rhode Island Stone Bridge.

(Passed April 23, 1907.)

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. For the operation and maintenance of Rhode Island Stone Bridge across Sakonet river, connecting the Island of Rhode Island with the main land, a board of commissioners is hereby created to consist of three persons. The board of commissioners for the construction of said bridge in office at the passage of this act, shall continue to hold their offices for the operation and maintenance of said bridge, as herein provided, for the following terms: Nathaniel B. Church, of Tiverton, until the first day of February, 1910; Charles Alexander, of Providence, until the first day of February, 1909; and J. Herbert Sheild, of Providence, until the first day of February, 1908; or until their respective successors are appointed and qualified.

Sec. 2. At the January session of the general assembly in the year A. D. 1908, and in each year thereafter, the governor, with the advice and consent of the senate, shall appoint some person to be a member of said board of commissioners to succeed the commissioner whose term will next expire; and the person so appointed shall hold his office until the first day of February in the third year after his appointment. Any vacancy which may occur among said commissioners when the senate is not in session shall be filled by the governor until the next session thereof, when he shall, with the advice and consent of the senate, appoint some person to fill such vacancy for the remainder of the term.

Sec. 3. Said board of commissioners shall employ such attendants as may be required for the operation of said bridge, and in all matters of operation and maintenance shall exercise full authority. The board shall make annual report to the general assembly at its January session.

Sec. 4. To provide for the operation and maintenance of the said Rhode Island Stone Bridge a sum not to exceed twenty-five hundred dollars is hereby appropriated, and shall hereafter be annually appropriated, out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, and the state auditor is hereby directed to draw his orders for the same on the general treasurer from time to time, on vouchers authenticated by said board of commissioners.

Sec. 5. This act shall take effect from and after the completion of said bridge and its acceptance by the state, and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

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CHAPTER 1420.

AN AMENDMENT of Section 70 of the Court and Practice Act, Passed at the January Session A. D. 1905.

(Passed February 1, 1907.)

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. Section 70 of the court and practice act, passed at the January session, A. D. 1905, is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 70. The justices of the superior court, or a majority of them, shall appoint six competent shorthand writers for regular service in the superior court, and one or more such writers for occasional service therein in the absence of other appointees, who shall be known as court stenographers. They shall serve during the pleasure of the court, and where designated by the presiding justice. All books, papers, and supplies necessary for their use shall be furnished by the state, and the notebooks used by them shall be the property of the state and be deposited with the clerk of the court in Providence county. Whenever the attorney-general shall make request in writing to the presiding justice of the superior court, he shall designate a court stenographer to attend such sittings of any grand jury as the attorney-general may designate, to report stenographically the testimony given before such grand jury and it shall be lawful for such stenographer to attend such sittings for such purpose: Provided, that said stenographer shall not be present during the deliberations of the grand jury or other proceedings, except during the taking of testimony. Such stenographer shall in all cases, before entering upon such duties, be first sworn by the clerk of the court to secrecy. He shall transcribe such testimony as the attorney-general may direct, and all such transcripts, notes, and note-books shall be delivered forthwith to the attorney-general for his sole use."

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

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CHAPTER 1421.

AN ACT In Addition to Chapter 1368 of the Public Laws, Passed April 20, 1905, Making an Additional Appropriation For the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition Commission of This State.

(Passed February 15, 1907.)

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. To further enable the Jamestown ter-centennial exposition commission of this state to carry out the provisions of chapter 1368 of the Public Laws, and to provide for a suitable representation from this state on the occasion of the opening of said exposition and on Rhode Island day and week, as well as to defray the expenses incurred by the commission of inquiry appointed under the provisions of a joint resolution entitled "Resolution for the appointment of a commission to arrange for the participation of the state of Rhode Island in the Jamestown ter-centennial exposition," and passed April 21, 1905, the sum of thirty thousand dollars or so much thereof as may be necessary is hereby further appropriated, payable out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, in the manner specified in said chapter 1368 of the Public Laws.

Sec. 2. His excellency the governor is hereby authorized to loan, as a part of the historical exhibit of this state at said exposition, the original commission issued by George the Third, king of Great Britain, on the 2d day of September, 1772, to the commissioners therein appointed to investigate the matter of the burning of the "Gaspee," which commission is deposited in the office of the secretary of state; also the portrait of George Washington, of Virginia, painted by Gilbert Stuart, of Rhode Island, and now in the Newport county courthouse.

Sec. 3. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed, and this act shall take effect upon its passage.

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CHAPTER 1422.

AN ACT Making Appropriations For the Support of the State of Rhode Island For the Fiscal Year Ending on the 31st Day of December, 1907.

(Passed March 27, 1907.)

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. The following sums or so much thereof as may be authorized by law are hereby appropriated to the objects hereinafter expressed, for the fiscal year ending on the 31st day of December, 1907, to be paid out of the several appropriations herein mentioned; and the state auditor is hereby authorized to draw his orders for such portion thereof as may be required from time to time, upon the receipt by him of properly authenticated vouchers:

SALARIES.

To the governor, three thousand dollars.

To the lieutenant-governor, five hundred dollars.

To the secretary of state, thirty-five hundred dollars.

To the attorney-general, forty-five hundred dollars.

To the general treasurer, twenty-five hundred dollars.

To the chief justice of the supreme court, six thousand dollars.

To the ex-chief justices of the supreme court, fifty-five hundred dollars each.

To the associate justices of the supreme court, fifty-five hundred dollars each.

To the presiding justice of the superior court, fifty-five hundred dollars.

To the associate justices of the superior court, five thousand dollars each.

To the state auditor, fifteen hundred dollars.

To the insurance commissioner, one thousand dollars.

To the commissioner of public schools, three thousand dollars.

To the assistant attorney-general, two thousand five hundred dollars.

To the second assistant attorney-general, two thousand dollars.

To the reporter of the decisions of the supreme court, twelve hundred dollars.

To the commissioners of shell fisheries, five hundred dollars each, twenty-five hundred dollars.

To the railroad commissioner, two thousand five hundred dollars.

To the deputy railroad commissioner, five hundred dollars.

To the state sealer of weights, measures, and balances, five hundred dollars.

To the librarian of the law library, twelve hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the secretary of state, two thousand dollars.

To the clerks of the state auditor, three thousand three hundred and fifty dollars.

To the clerk of the commissioner of public schools, seven hundred and fifty dollars.

To the clerk of the general treasurer, fifteen hundred dollars.

To the sheriff of the county of Providence, five thousand dollars.

To the sheriff of the county of Newport, eight hundred dollars.

To the sheriffs of the counties of Bristol, Kent, and Washington, eight hundred dollars each.

To the crier of the supreme court, seven hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the supreme court, twenty-five hundred dollars.

To the assistant clerks of the supreme court, not exceeding eighteen hundred each, to be fixed in amount by the supreme court, thirty-six hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the superior court of the counties of Providence and Bristol, twenty-five hundred dollars.

To the assistant clerk of the superior court, counties of Providence and Bristol, having an office in Bristol, six hundred dollars.

To the other assistant clerks of the superior court for the counties of Providence and Bristol, not exceeding eighteen hundred dollars each, to be fixed in amount by a majority of the justices of the superior court, nine thousand six hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the superior court for the county of Newport, eighteen hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the superior court for the county of Washington, twelve hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the superior court for the county of Kent, twelve hundred dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the first judicial district, twelve hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the first judicial district, one thousand dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the second judicial district, one thousand dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the second judicial district, six hundred dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the third judicial district, eleven hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the third judicial district, six hundred dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the fourth judicial district, twelve hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the fourth judicial district, eight hundred dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the fifth judicial district, one thousand dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the fifth judicial district, eight hundred dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the sixth judicial district, four thousand dollars.

To the associate justice of the district court of the sixth judicial district, three thousand five hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the sixth judicial district, two thousand five hundred dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the seventh judicial district, one thousand dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the seventh judicial district, six hundred dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the eighth judicial district, twelve hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the eighth judicial district, ten hundred dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the ninth judicial district, one thousand dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the ninth judicial district, six hundred dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the tenth judicial district, twelve hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the tenth judicial district, ten hundred dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the eleventh judicial district, twelve hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the eleventh judicial district, one thousand dollars.

To the justice of the district court of the twelfth judicial district, twelve hundred dollars.

To the clerk of the district court of the twelfth judicial district, eight hundred dollars.

To the commissioner of dams and reservoirs, one thousand dollars.

To the adjutant-general, twelve hundred dollars.

To the quartermaster-general, ten hundred dollars.

To the assistant adjutant-general of the state, two hundred and fifty dollars.

For the payment of salary of the assistant adjutant-general of the brigade of Rhode Island militia, two hundred and fifty dollars.

To the secretary of the state board of health, seventeen hundred dollars.

To the secretary of state board of soldiers' relief, two thousand dollars.

To the chief factory inspector, two thousand dollars.

To the assistant factory inspectors, fifteen hundred dollars each, three thousand dollars.

To the commissioner of industrial statistics, two thousand dollars.

To the clerk of the insurance commissioner, one thousand five hundred dollars.

To the secretary of the supreme court, fifteen hundred dollars.

To the members of the board of harbor commissioners, three, at six hundred dollars each, eighteen hundred dollars.

To the members of the state returning board, at five hundred dollars each, two thousand five hundred dollars.

To the members of the state board of public roads, five hundred dollars each, two thousand five hundred dollars.

To the commissioner of forestry, five hundred dollars.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY.

For the executive secretary of the governor, twelve hundred dollars.

SECRETARY OF STATE RETURNING BOARD.

For the secretary of the state returning board, one thousand dollars.

SECRETARY OF COMMISSIONERS OF INLAND FISHERIES.

For the secretary of the commissioners of inland fisheries, seven hundred and fifty dollars.

STATE REGISTRAR.

For the state registrar, for making an annual abstract and report of the registration of births, marriages, and deaths to be paid on approval of the secretary of state, one thousand dollars.

STATE LIBRARIAN.

To the state librarian, twelve hundred dollars.

CLERK OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

To the clerk of the attorney-general eight hundred dollars.

CLERK OF COMMISSIONERS OF SHELL FISHERIES.

To the clerk of the commissioners of shell fisheries, fifteen hundred dollars.

ADDITIONAL CLERK HIRE, SECRETARY OF STATE.

For additional clerk hire in the office of secretary of state, twelve hundred dollars.

STATE MESSENGERS.

For two messengers for new state house, one thousand dollars each.

CLERICAL ASSISTANCE.

For clerical assistance rendered secretary of state, twelve hundred dollars.

For clerical assistance for clerk of the district court of the first judicial district, three hundred dollars.

For clerical assistance for clerk of the district court of the sixth judicial district, twenty-one hundred dollars.

For clerical assistance in the office of the adjutant-general, fifteen hundred dollars.

For clerical assistance for the quartermaster-general, one thousand dollars.

For clerical assistance for assistant adjutant-general, brigade Rhode Island militia, five hundred dollars.

For clerical assistance for the clerk of the superior court, Newport county, three hundred dollars.

For clerical assistance, state returning board, eight hundred dollars.

For additional clerical assistance in the office of insurance commissioner, sixteen hundred dollars.

For additional clerical assistance for general treasurer, fifteen hundred dollars.

For clerk hire and incidental expenses, state library, five hundred dollars.

SOCIETIES.

For the Rhode Island historical society, fifteen hundred dollars.

For the Newport historical society, five hundred dollars.

For the society for the prevention of cruelty to children, two thousand five hundred dollars.

For the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, one thousand dollars.

For the prisoners' aid association, one thousand dollars.

For the Providence Lying-in Hospital, two thousand five hundred dollars.

For the Saint Vincent de Paul Infant Asylum, two thousand five hundred dollars.

EXPENSES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

For the pay and mileage of the members of the general assembly, thirty-eight thousand five hundred dollars.

For the pay of the clerks of the general assembly, three thousand dollars.

For the pay of the clerks of the committees of the general assembly, eight thousand nine hundred dollars.

For the pay of deputy sheriffs, for attendance upon the general assembly, four hundred and twenty dollars.

For the pay of doorkeepers and assistant doorkeepers of the senate and house of representatives, two thousand six hundred and forty dollars.

For the pay of the pages of the house of representatives and pages for the senate, fifteen hundred dollars.

For stationery and stamps for general assembly, to be expended under the direction of the secretary of state, five hundred dollars.

For accounts allowed by the general assembly, six thousand dollars.

ADVERTISING AND PUBLISHING PUBLIC LAWS.

For publishing the public laws in the newspapers, and such other advertising as may be required, when certified and approved by the secretary of state, eight thousand dollars.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


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# The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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## Saturday, August 3, 1907.

Connecticut legislature after a strenuous session of seven months has concluded to adjourn sine die. The wooden Nutmeg State will take first prize this year for long sessions.

It is understood that Representative F. X. Leonidas Rattey of Central Falls is to be the Democratic candidate for Senator from that city this fall. Dr. Remington it is said will not again be a candidate.

In the fiscal year that ended June 30 the number of aliens arriving in this country was 1,285,349, against 1,100,735 in the fiscal year, 1905. These figures make a new record by a large margin. And yet labor in this country is still scarce.

Providence Old Home Week may be a success, but if the outside indications are true they will not care for another success of the kind. It is not in any sense an Old Home Week. It is, as was the case in Newport, a Carnival where rot is let loose, especially in the evening.

Joe Cannon, so rumor says, is soon going to announce that he is not a candidate for the Presidency, and he will at the same time advice his followers to support some one who is sound on the tariff question. It is generally thought that Senator Knox of Pennsylvania is his Presidential residuary legatee.

The New York Times, in response to its request for an expression of fact and opinion from leading authorities in the world of trade, has received many replies from men prominent in industrial affairs, the consensus of whose opinion is that "prosperity is here to stay." With scarcely an exception, each line of industrial activity consulted shows an encouraging degree of progress and in no case is there a forecast colored by pessimistic forebodings. On all sides America's business future is deemed to be built on a solid basis, and there is no room given by these experts in trade conditions to the belief that the threat of coming hard times is visible.

Georgia is to become a prohibition State as far as the public sale of intoxicating liquors is concerned. This does not mean that no liquors will be sold and drank in that State. It is a characteristic of your true Southerner to dispense hospitality at home rather than in public. A large part of the drinking in the South is from the private sideboard rather than from the public hall. The private sideboard and the private clubs will now increase a hundred-fold, no Georgian will go dry. Even the celebrated Hake Smith, the Governor, has been known to punish his share of the intoxicating fluid on festive occasions.

## Naturalization Laws.

One of the clauses of the new law affecting citizenship which went into effect on July 1 provides that when any naturalized citizen shall have resided for two years in the foreign country from which he came it shall be presumed that he has ceased to be an American citizen, and that his place of general abode shall be deemed his place of residence during those years. This provision has, it appears, aroused interest among a not inconsiderable number of persons who, having been naturalized under the laws of the United States, have been for some time residing abroad, and who fear that they may lose their American citizenship in consequence of their continued foreign residence. It is explained, however, that the presumption of non citizenship may under the law be overcome on the presentation of satisfactory evidence to the contrary before a diplomatic or consular officer of the United States, so that no injustice need be done to those who wish to retain their citizenship with the privileges and the duties which it involves.

## Rate Decisions.

An interesting decision in connection with the making of through routes and joint rates was made by the Interstate Commerce Commission some weeks ago. The decision was rendered in a proceeding in which a transportation company sought to compel the Pennsylvania Railroad and another to make with the complainant a through route and joint rate for the transportation of fish from Jamestown, R. I., to Philadelphia. The commission found that no satisfactory through route existed between the points named, and it made an order for the establishment of a through route and joint rate as suggested, fixing the latter at not more than 34 cents a hundred pounds. The commission provided in its opinion, however, that if it wished to do so, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company might apply to that body for an order requiring the complainant to indemnify it against any loss it might suffer in the premises by reason of the financial irresponsibility of the complainant. This seems a sound regulation which circumstances may at times render desirable, and which will prevent the imposition of joint duty without something in the way of security to insure responsibility.

## The Merchant Marine.

Congress Short Sighted—Japan Has Driven off Merchantile Fleet from the Pacific Ocean.

FIFTH LETTER.

July 25, 1907.

Dear Sir:

The Navy Department, as you know, is preparing for a "practice cruise" of the battleship fleet, now on the Atlantic coast, to the Pacific Ocean. There are sixteen huge armor-clads in this fleet, a force greater than the entire navy of Japan. It is emphasized in Washington that this is a peaceful cruise and not a threat, but when these battleships reach the Pacific coast there will be no doubt in any man's mind as to the military mastery of the Pacific Ocean.

But how about the commercial mastery? Is not this equally important? What kind of a figure has the United States come to cut in those Western seas?

Six months ago there were fifteen American merchant steamships, most of them of large size, running from our Western ports in trans-Pacific service to Australasia and the Orient. Since Congress adjourned on March 4 last, without enacting the Ocean Mail bill which President Roosevelt so earnestly recommended, one of these American steamships has been lost at sea. Six others have been withdrawn, and it is rumored that two more will follow. In six months, therefore, the American merchant fleet in Pacific commerce has shrunk from fifteen steamships to eight, and when Congress re-assembles next December it is likely that only six will be left.

When the great armored fleet goes around the Horn, therefore, the world will see the grotesque spectacle of sixteen American battleships guarding six American merchant steamships in trans-Pacific commerce—almost three battleships to one merchantman. We Americans seem to be terribly solicitous of our military prestige. But how about our commercial prestige? Is this worth nothing?

The cry of "Harriman" and "Hill" stampeded Congress last March. Harriman and Hill had not asked for government subventions. Other American ship-owners, however, who were not railroad magnates, had asked for them, and when Congress refused they hauled down their flags and quit the ocean. Harriman and Hill remained. They were not hurt; they did not care. They were laughing in their sleeves at Congress, which has now driven their American competitors from the ocean.

The Japanese are not afraid of the word "subsidy." They subsidize their shipyards to help them build ships. They subsidize ship lines to re-enforce their navy and convey their commerce. They pay to three steamers running from Yokohama to Puget Sound $330,000 a year. The British government pays to three British steamers from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Japan and China $231,000 a year. The great and rich United States government a year ago was paying $12,000 to $15,000 to seven American steamships from Puget Sound to Japan, China and the Philippines.

The owners of these American ships—not Mr. Hill but the owners of the other ships—asked Congress for a mail subvention which would at least put them on a parity with their British and Japanese competitors. These ship owners said that they could not possibly run their steamers without some National aid. Congress refused. Thereupon three of the five American steamers were immediately withdrawn. Two others, it is understood, will follow them. A sixth ship, the Dakota, was wrecked off Japan. By next winter there will probably be only one American steamer carrying our commerce across the North Pacific to the Orient.

The Oceanic Line to Australasia, operating three ships, appealed to Congress to give it an increased subvention that would put it on a parity with European lines. The company declared frankly that unless this were done the route would have to be abandoned. Congress refused. The company has given up its contract and not one American steamship is now running across the South Pacific.

But Japan has subsidized a steamship line from Yokohama to Australia. She has subsidized another line to South America. She is doing the business which our ships did and is securing the commerce for her merchants. These Japanese steamships discriminate habitually against American trade in favor of Japanese trade. That is what they are paid to do. It is for this that these Japanese steam lines are established.

While we are making a great fuss and feathers over our battleship fleet and bragging what it can do, Japan has quietly won a peaceful victory. She has wiped our merchant ships off the map on the Pacific. We hope that there will be no war, but if there were a war Japan would have what we almost absolutely lack, and that is the indispensable auxiliary naval reserve of merchant ships, to convey supplies for the fighting ships, to carry troops and to forward ammunition. Japan would have sailors, too, inured to the sea and trained to war, while even in peace we cannot begin to find men enough to man our fighting vessels.

Do you approve of the policy which crowds our Pacific with battleships and ignores entirely our merchant ships? Of what avail will "the mastery of the Pacific" be to us if Japan dominates the shipping and monopolizes the commerce of that mightiest of oceans?

Very truly yours,

* * * *

## Silly Laws.

The people of Texas, in their desire to hit at the "trusts," are likely to find themselves the principal sufferers if a recent act of the Texas legislature is enforced. The legislature recently passed an act making it a felony punishable by a term of imprisonment in the penitentiary for any person in that State to deal in, sell or handle goods manufactured or controlled by a "trust," or to act as an agent in disposing of "trust-made goods." Business interests all over the State are reported to be holding meetings to memorialize the Governor to call a special session of the legislature to repeal or modify this law on account of the harm it is doing. It is evident that if State legislatures are to enact such laws as this it will injure the people more than it does the "trusts." The agitation against the trusts seems to be reaching the hysterical stage.

## President Mellen.

An article in one of our magazines on President Mellen says: In 1892, when Mellen was general manager of the New England R. R., he performed his duties in his usual aggressive manner. Charles P. Clark, president of the New Haven, began to get scared. He liked not such activity in his environment. A friend of Mr. Clark tells me that President Clark said to him one day: "It's no use. If I don't get Mellen, he will get me!" It was not long before Mellen was made second vice-president of the New Haven road.

When Mellen took the presidency of the New Haven road in the fall of 1903, he tackled the hardest proposition in his career. At that time it was in a state of quasi-demoralization. Its operating account had reached enormous figures. Few men knew how weak its position really was. It was known as the most hated transportation monopoly in the United States. Furthermore, one by one the railroads of New England had fast been slipping from New England's hands. The Boston & Albany had gone to the New York Central and the Vanderbilts had acquired a strong voice in the Boston & Maine. The shadow of the mighty Pennsylvania, under the able administration of Alexander J. Cassatt, was fast enveloping the New Haven. Mr. Cassatt was elected to the New Haven directorate. His road had acquired 20,000 shares of New Haven stock. People said that the days of the New Haven as an independent road were numbered.

But a man of dogged determination and great experience in the railroad field had taken command. He threw off his coat and went to work. Less than four years have passed. In that short time the shadow of the mighty Pennsylvania has faded into the distance. The Vanderbilts have relinquished their grasp on the Boston & Maine. The Boston & Albany bids fair again to become a New England road. One by one the outsiders have been pushed back. In this brief period the change in the railroad map of New England has been completed.

The decadent New Haven of four years ago, which operated but 2000 miles of rail lines and earned about $50,000,000 gross and a surplus of $4,600,000 a year, today absolutely dominates 6600 miles of rail lines in New England and its vicinity, and hundreds of miles of water routes besides. It is earning something like $150,000,000 gross per annum. Its net income approximates $35,000,000 a year. Figures have been trebled.

Mellen has been working toward one goal,—the unification of the railroads of New England. He has never had time until recently to give to the matter of the acquisition of the Boston & Maine. He must have known that the control of this road would eventually pass to some other interest; and he therefore kept a weather eye on it. Last February he learned that the hour of the passing of the Boston & Maine was at hand. He knew it would be a staggering blow for the New Haven and his plans if somebody else got it. He acted quickly and secured an option on the shares of the leading stockholders of the Boston & Maine. Today the New Haven directly owns nearly 40 per cent. and can influence the voting of 60 per cent. of the stock of the Boston & Maine road. The complete merger of these lines will probably be consummated within a year or two. It is one of those acquisitions of a connecting line which President Roosevelt in his speech in Indianapolis on May 30 called desirable. The interstate commerce commission in the Harriman report the other day said: "It is in the interest of the public to facilitate the consolidation of connecting lines."

The real live problems before Mellen are:

1. To merge into one organization the rail lines under the New Haven's control, just as the New Haven and New England and Old Colony and others have already been merged.

2. Further to develop and supplement his trolley lines and to bring them under one smooth-running organization.

3. To modernize the railroads of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and part of Massachusetts; to develop the traffic possibilities of this territory as the territory of the New Haven has been developed; to reduce passenger and freight rates in this territory as the passenger and freight rates of the New Haven have been reduced; and to give to all New England, as far as possible, a railroad service such as part of it now enjoys.

4. To strengthen that it may endure after he has gone that position of equality and independence for the railroads of New England which has been created by his labor.

## The First Mugwump.

From the Indianapolis Star.

In an article on Boston journalism Edward H. Clement, in the New England Magazine, conveys the idea that Mugwumpery originated in Boston about 1876 and was first promoted by a Boston paper. This is a mistake. Mugwumpery began away back in the time of Adam, when the first man thought he knew more than God.

Twenty-four of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were lawyers, fourteen agriculturists, four physicians, nine merchants, one a manufacturer, one a clergyman, and three had prepared for the calling of clergymen, but had chosen other vocations. Heaven seems to have rewarded them generally with long life, for three lived to be over ninety, ten over eighty, eleven over seventy, fourteen over sixty, eleven over fifty and six over forty-four, although one, Thomas Lynch, Jr., was accidentally drowned at sea when only thirty. Thus the average age of the signers was over sixty-two years.

Gov. Johnson, of Minnesota, who is being groomed by some of the Democratic leaders for the Presidential dark horse, was successful two years ago in a Republican State, simply because he captured the Scandinavian vote of that State.

There are three billion-dollar export countries, and France is nearing the line. Uncle Sam is now at the head, followed by Great Britain and Germany.

## Rhode Island at Jamestown.

In the long list of States having buildings at the Jamestown Exposition, Rhode Island, the smallest State in the Union, was the first to break ground and the Rhode Island building was the first to approach completion. It is one of the prettiest of the State buildings at the Exposition, being a handsome colonial edifice, overlooking Hampton Roads, and its snowy whiteness presents an attractive contrast with the green trees and grass around it. The building is elaborate in design and distinguished in appearance, being a replica of the first capitol of that State. The building and the State's historic exhibit are most creditable to "Little Rhody."

The priceless historic collection from Rhode Island is housed in the Historic Art Palace. It consists of valuable old documents of all kinds, pictures and other links of connection between the past and the present. These priceless articles are exhibited in handsome quartered oak cases and are so numerous and interesting as to reflect great honor upon the enterprising little State.

An old, faded parchment, dated in 1637, contains a request of the settlers to inhabit the "Towne of Providence." This strange document was signed by thirteen settlers. "The Confirmation Deed" of Roger Williams, a letter from Oliver Cromwell to the Colony of Rhode Island, and a case of letters from George Washington and Nathaniel Greene to the Governor of Rhode Island, are among the interesting papers shown here, also many old records of great historical value pertaining to the troubles, which for several years prior to the Revolution were brewing and which finally led to the rupture between Great Britain and the American colonies. The exhibit is one of the finest in the United States, relating to the colonial times. More than two years of labor in this and foreign lands were used in the collection of this great historical exhibit.

In the Rhode Island building also are found some very valuable historic pictures and papers. The walls of the building are decorated with flags of the Sixteenth Century and old portraits of Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Charles II of England and the Royal Charter granted to Rhode Island are displayed in this building. Portraits of George III, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry and Admiral Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, are among the more modern pictures which occupy places of prominence on the walls of the Rhode Island Building.

The Rhode Island commissioners representing that State at the Jamestown Exposition are Hon. John T. Blodgett, president, Providence; Col. William P. Sheffield, Jr., treasurer, Newport; Dennis P. Sheahan, Providence, secretary; George Bachelor, Woonsocket, commissioner; Joseph P. Burlingame, Providence, commissioner; George N. Kingsbury, Providence, executive commissioner. The entire commission has been very active in the work of preparing the Rhode Island building and exhibits and their work has been done well and faithfully.

Rhode Island is by no means behind her sister States in her exhibits, and the display that she will have on her State Day, which will be on the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, Tuesday, September 10th. The orator of the day on that occasion will be President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University.

### Beat Wife and Killed Himself

Boston, July 30.—After beating his wife, John Donnelly, 42, committed suicide last evening by hanging in the cellar of his house. The deed was committed while his wife was on the way to the police station to complain of her husband's actions.

### Convict Is Pardoned

Boston, July 31.—Harry J. Lucas, a negro, serving a sentence of eight to ten years in the state prison for giving straw bail, was pardoned by Governor Guild after having completed but little over three years of his sentence.

## NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

The large barn of the Pokanoket club, an organization of Boston men, near Medfield, Mass., was burned, together with five horses, 80 tons of hay and other property. The loss is $10,000.

The Portland, Gray and Lewiston (Me.) Railway company voted to increase the capital stock to $1,000,000 and to employ an engineer to make the preliminary survey for the road at once.

Millard K. Palmer of Sound Beach, Conn., has brought suit against the First Presbyterian church of that place for $4000, the amount, it is alleged, covering money loaned at various times to the church by Palmer.

Public bequests amounting to $20,000 are contained in the will of Mrs. Susan E. Gavett, late of Boston.

Harold Jones, 13 years old, was drowned while swimming in Pawcatuck river at Westerly, R. I.

John Schuster, Jr., aged 17, was drowned in Ellis pond, Norwood, Mass. He was an expert swimmer, but was seized with cramps.

Albert Meikin, 8 years old, was drowned while playing about a pond at Colchester, Conn.

Mrs. Herbert E. Brown, the wife of a farmer living near Southbridge, Mass., committed suicide by hanging.

Rebekah Kilburg, 4 years old, was seriously burned while at play at Providence. Her clothes caught fire in some mysterious way and were burned entirely off her body before aid came.

Martin Rosalio, a Pole aged 50 years, was drowned while bathing in Swift river, Rumford Falls, Me. He had been in this country but 10 days.

The annual conference of the Maine Temperance society opened at the camp grounds at Old Orchard with prominent temperance advocates present from Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

### Moyer Released From Jail

Boise, Ida., July 31.—After a delay of 36 hours, Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, was released from jail late last night on a bond of $25,000 signed by Timothy Regan and Thomas J. Jones of Boise. Moyer will leave for Salt Lake City today in company with William D. Haywood. After a stop of a few hours in Salt Lake City they will proceed to Denver, the headquarters of the federation.

### The Real Difficulty.

Boarder—You can divide a chicken with mathematical accuracy, Mrs. Hashington. Mrs. Hashington—Dividing it is easy enough. I wish I could multiply it.—London Answers.

## Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Aug. 2, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent August 3 to 7, warm wave 2 to 6, cool wave 5 to 9. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about August 6, cross west of Rockies country by close of 7, great central valleys 8 to 10, eastern states 11. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about August 6, great central valleys 8, eastern states 10. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about August 9, great central valleys 11, eastern states 13.

This will be one of the most severe disturbances of the month and will spend its greatest force west of meridian 90. Temperatures will not go high except in the drouth district of which Kansas city will be a central point. Rains will keep well to northward till they have crossed meridian 90. East of that line they will spread out to southward.

Third disturbance of August will reach Pacific coast about August 11, cross west of Rockies country by close of 12, great central valleys 13 to 15, eastern states 16. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about August 11, great central valleys 13, eastern states 15. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about August 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states 18.

This disturbance will bring one of the hottest periods of the summer and the drouth sections will greatly suffer from the intense heat and evaporation of moisture.

Showers will probably occur as the apex of this heat wave passes to eastward but not sufficient rain to relieve the southwestern drouth. The cool wave will not be much of a relief from the excessive heat and the little relief that does come will not long remain as another great high temperature wave will soon follow this cool wave.

From August 11 to last of month temperatures of August will average excessively high and rainfall will be deficient, particularly in the southwest.

Immediately following August 3 temperatures will be moderate, rainfall will be deficient and the storms unusually severe for August. Cool weather will continue till near August 10 when a great hot wave will istrike the continent.

At this writing, July 23, prospects are very bright for a greatly increased interest in weather forecasting. The assistance now being given to my weather work, by men who have both faith in my efforts and ample means with which to help me on to success, is already bringing wonderful results and I expect soon to add largely to the percentages of my successful forecasts. I am now securing long records for the countries bordering on the Great Lakes, and for southeastern parts of the United States and will soon be ready to enter into strenuous competition with the Weather Bureaus of Canada and this country.

Customer—What on earth is this broth made of, waiter? Surely it isn't chicken broth?

Waiter—Well, sir, it's chicken broth in it's infancy. It's made out of the water that the eggs are boiled in.

"Missus Broun, you must stop teach my Lizzie fisical torture. She needs yet readin' an' figgers mit more sums in it. If I want her to do jumpin' I kan make her do it my self."

### WEEKLY ALMANAC.

AUGUST 1907. STANDARD TIME.

| | Sun rises | Sun sets | Moon rises | High water Morn | High water Eve. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 Sat | 4 57 | 7 15 | 0 27 | 3 07 | 3 42 |
| 4 Sun | 4 58 | 7 14 | 1 2 | 4 05 | 4 34 |
| 5 Mon | 4 59 | 7 12 | 1 43 | 5 00 | 5 20 |
| 6 Tues | 5 0 | 7 11 | 2 29 | 5 47 | 6 05 |
| 7 Wed | 5 1 | 7 10 | 3 19 | 6 21 | 6 42 |
| 8 Thurs | 5 2 | 7 9 | Sets | 7 09 | 7 18 |
| 9 Fri | 5 3 | 7 8 | 7 37 | 7 45 | 8 55 |

New Moon, 9th day, 1h. 26m., morning.
First Quarter, 16th day, 4h. 5m., evening.
Full Moon, 23d day, 7h. 15m., morning.
Last Quarter, 30th day, 0h. 28m., evening.

SMALL FARM FOR SALE,

ABOUT 3 MILES FROM NEWPORT.

I have for sale an excellent little farm with 7-room cottage. Well, cistern, stable for 2 horses and 5 cows. Good carriage house. About 4 acres of land. This farm is situated on Paradise Avenue in Middletown and would make an excellent poultry farm. Price only $900. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
182 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

## Deaths.

In this city, 28th ult., at the residence of her parents, 20 Bath road, Mary C., daughter of James and Ellen M. Smith.

In this city, 28th ult., Phebe A., daughter of the late David P. and Phebe A. Albro, aged 66 years.

In this city, 31st ult., James Bentley, son of Catherine and the late Frank Hogan, aged 44 years.

In this city, 1st inst., Rachel, widow of Walter W. H. Chadwick, aged 72 years.

In Little Compton, 27th ult., Christina Durfee, widow of Joseph Brownell, in her 78th year.

In Laurel, Md., 29th ult., Albin H., son of Bent A. and Anna Nelson, aged 22 years, formerly of this city.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

## DANGEROUS GANG

Police Expect to Check Career of Armenian Blackmailers

PRIEST PERHAPS CHIEF

Grand Jury Returns More Indictments Against Him—A Specimen "Death Warrant" Letter—Startling Admission Made by a Witness

New York, Aug. 1.—Four indictments now lie against Father Levont Martoogessian, the Armenian, who, it is alleged, sometimes laid aside his priestly robes to practice extortion and blackmail. The priest is just now the central figure in the conspiracy which, the district attorney seeks to prove, had for its object the robbery of wealthy Armenians and led to the murder of the rug merchant, Tavshanjian, and others who refused to be financially bled.

From the slayer of Tavshanjian, Bedros Hamparizoomian, as he is known here, the police hope to secure a confession establishing that the youth unwittingly was the agent of blackmailing terrorists. He is expected to make disclosures that will make easy the wiping out of a dangerous gang.

Of the three additional indictments against Martoogessian, brought in by the grand jury yesterday, two charge attempted robbery, as did the original indictment, and one alleges extortion. The latter charges that the priest was responsible for at least one of the blackmailing letters which quickly followed the death of the rug merchant.

This letter was mailed in New York on the afternoon of July 22, the day that Tavshanjian was shot. It was written in red ink in the Armenian language and was signed by the symbol of the terrorists, three hands with daggers uplifted, poised above a red heart. The letter is directed to Gulabi Gulbenklan & Co., Brunswick building, New York, and is headed "Death Warrant." It says:

"The executive of the Constantinople Armenian Revolutionary Terrorists' organization condemns to death Haroutian Gulbenkian, Gulabi Gulbenklan and Patriek Gulbenkian, the three brothers who entirely have deaf ears to all appeals for national freedom. Our executive board, having given its decision to Haroutian and Gulabi Gulbenklan, in America, gives them 24 hours time to decide between their duty and death. Constantinople Armenian Revolutionary Terrorists' organization."

The letter is dated "Constantinople, June 21, 1907." Following the letter is a postscript, also in red ink, which reads as follows:

"Although neither prison nor hanging can prevent us from fulfilling our duty to the end, it is necessary that you should know. If you betray this letter or cause harm to one hair on the heads of one of us—against that consider your whole family wiped out."

Before this letter came, Haroutian Gulbenklan, who is the accusing witness against the priest, had received a blackmailing letter demanding $25,000, but had not complied with the demand. The sense of the indictment is that the priest either sent the quoted letter or caused it to be sent.

The late afternoon developed an important witness when Magderich Lustrian, a blacksmith, was examined by Assistant District Attorney Manley. According to information later given out at the district attorney's office, the witness said that he had often attended meetings of the Hunchakis society, at which Martoogessian presided. Continuing, he is alleged to have stated that he knew of five different cases where men had been sent from this country to Europe at the instigation of a man named to murder persons. On two occasions, Lustrian said, he had been ordered to do murder, but managed in various ways to shift the responsibility.

Some time ago he was told that he would have to kill Nikolai Mllack, because at that time it was believed that Milack was a Turkish spy. According to Manley, the blacksmith made further startling admissions and furnished corroborative evidence of great importance against the prisoner, who is declared by other Armenians to have been the moving spirit in the blackmailing band.

### Barred From Connecticut Courts

New Haven, July 31.—The supreme court of Connecticut denied the appeal of Harold R. Durant of Waterbury from a decree disbarring him permanently from practicing law in this state, issued by the superior court of New Haven county several months ago, and affirmed the order of the lower court. Durant was charged with unprofessional conduct.

### Millions of Profit In Steel

New York, July 31.—All records of the United States Steel corporation in the manufacture of steel were shown to have been broken when the company's report for the quarter ending June 30, 1907, was made public yesterday. The company's total net earnings for the spring quarter were $45,503,705.

### Was Stricken While Preaching

South Norwalk, Conn., July 31.—Mrs. C. S. Whitney, the evangelist from New York city, who was stricken with apoplexy Sunday while preaching in the Rowayton Baptist church, died last evening. Mrs. Whitney was 72 years old and had been an evangelist for 35 years.

### A Taft Endorsement

Columbus, O., July 31.—The candidacy of William H. Taft for the Republican nomination for president was endorsed by the Republican state committee by a vote of 16 to 6. The endorsement carried with it a declaration that the Republicans of Ohio are "opposed to the elimination from public life of Senators Foraker and Dick."

# STRANGLER BUSY

Eight-Year-Old Girl His Latest Victim In New York

## TERRIBLY BRUTAL DEED

Body Stumbled Upon In a Basement Where No Attempt Was Made at Concealment--Arrest of a Suspect Almost Causes a Riot

New York, Aug. 2.—"The Graveyard," as the foreign populated neighborhood on First avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, is known locally, gave up yesterday a fresh crime, rivalling in atrocity the mysterious butcheries of last week. The latest discovered victim was an 8-year-old girl, and, like the two young women murdered, she had been shockingly mistreated before death and the body fiendishly mutilated when life was extinct.

The three murders apparently were committed within 24 hours and by strikingly similar means. Last Thursday night a woman was strangled in a Twenty-second street boarding house; the next morning the body of a still unidentified woman, who had been choked to death, was found in an areaway in East Ninetieth street. Katie Pritschler, daughter of a restaurant waiter, disappeared a week ago yesterday and was killed that night. A ribbon placed about the throat and drawn so tightly that it cut the flesh showed how she died.

If the brutality of the murders can be qualified, that of the Pritschler girl ranks first. Not content with robbing the unusually attractive and buoyant-spirited girl first of her maidenly attributes and then of her life, the savage instincts of her slayer found gratification in unspeakable attacks on the lifeless form.

"The Graveyard" takes its name from the proximity of an old cemetery, and the locality has been the scene of several revolting murders. A few months ago a woman was hacked to death with an axe in an old house which adjoins the ancient burying ground. The majority of the residents are Italians, with a pretty strong admixture of Germans and Bohemians.

Carl Pritschler, the father of Katie, is a respectable citizen. He has several other children, all younger than Katie was. The latter left her home at 349 East Thirteenth street last Thursday evening to play in the streets, and it is significant that, although when she failed to return the father notified the police and a general alarm was sent out, the body was yesterday discovered within a block of her home and scarcely 100 yards from the location of a placard placed by the father, calling attention to the fact that his child was lost. How the body could have remained undiscovered for a week if diligent search was made is not explained.

The girl's body was stumbled upon by a woman who visited the basement of the house at 203 First avenue. It lay upon a berry crate, with seemingly no effort at concealment.

"You can say for me," Coroner Harburger declared, "that the crimes in Berlin of which the newspapers have told have not been one-thousandth part as bad as the murder of this little girl." The coroner would not permit the body to be photographed.

At the coroner's directions Gaetano Rippolino, whose cobbler shop adjoins the girl's home, was arrested and asked to explain his absence from his shop on last Friday. He established the fact that he had spent the day at Bristol, Conn., where he had bartered for a new place of business. The girl is said to have frequented Rippolano's place, and a search of the shop brought to light a man's shirt which bore red stains. The cobbler was arraigned and remanded to the coroner. The police also began a search for a woman who is said to have formerly roomed at the Pritschler home and left there after a quarrel and took up lodgings in the house where the body was found.

When news of the finding of the little one's body spread through the neighborhood excitement rose to such a pitch that the removal of the body and the arrest of Rippolano caused almost a riot. Probably 4000 persons were in the nearby streets when the wagon from the morgue arrived. At sight of the covered body the crowd rented its grief and rage in a babel of tongues. The police were compelled to club their way through the street.

Soon afterwards the arrest of the cobbler became known, and the crowd charged the prisoner's shop. Rippolino had been safely removed to the station house, but his shop narrowly escaped destruction. Stones shattered its windows, and only the determined front of the police reserves, who clubbed right and left, prevented greater damage.

John Kusmicho, the Russian watchman under arrest as a suspicious person, and who is said to have been seen in the company of the girl whose body was found in the areaway, was remanded without bail until Saturday. No clue to the murder in Twenty-second street has been secured.

### Steamer and Cargo a Total Loss

Halifax, July 30.—The West India line steamer Orinoco, which went ashore off Cape Sable Friday, will be a total loss. She has been abandoned, and it is believed that her cargo of sugar, molasses and rum cannot be saved.

### Building Machanics' Wages Raised

Boston, Aug. 2.—A wage increase of approximately 25 cents a day has been granted by the Boston and Maine railroad to the building mechanics of the road employed on the terminal, eastern and southern divisions. The men were also granted an eight-hour workday, beginning Aug. 1.

## STABBED IN SHOULDER

Farmer Got Into Argument With Men From Wrecked Auto

Shrewsbury, Mass., Aug. 1.—Henry T. Harrington, a farmer of this town, was stabbed last night by one of three men in an automobile which collided with a team owned by Harrington. The farmer was wounded in the shoulder, but his condition is not serious.

Three unknown men in an automobile said to belong to the schoolhouse department of the city of Boston collided with a wagon driven by a farmhand in Harrington's employ, near the farmer's house. The automobile was badly damaged and was abandoned.

During an argument between the men in the car and the farmhand, Harrington left his house and went to the assistance of his employe. The discussion led to an encounter, one of the strangers drawing a knife and stabbing Harrington. Harrington's son went to the assistance of his father and saved him from further injury. The three unknown men escaped on foot.

### Mutiny of Korean Troops

Seoul, Aug. 2.—The Korean battalion mutinied yesterday morning against the disarmament order and engaged in a fight for several hours with the Japanese troops near the consulate quarter with rifles and a machine gun.

According to official reports received by General Hazegawa, there were 120 casualties among the Koreans and 40 Japanese killed and wounded as a result of the riots growing out of the disbandment of the Korean troops.

### Dry Times Coming In Georgia

Atlanta, July 31.—The prohibition bill passed by the Georgia senate some days ago was adopted by the house last evening by a vote of 130 to 30. Two amendments added by the house will necessitate the bill going back to the senate for concurrence, of which there is no doubt. The bill then will go to Governor Smith for his signature and prohibition will become a law in Georgia. The new amendments permit the sale of pure alcohol by druggists.

### The Situation at Belfast

Belfast, Aug. 2.—Having secured the presence in Belfast of a strong military force, the government has taken vigorous measures, dismissed the leaders of the police strike movement, and promised to take into consideration any genuine grievances presented through the proper channels. This prompt action on the part of the authorities will probably avert the serious development of what appeared to be a dangerous situation.

### Graft Must Be Rooted Out

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 1.—Radical reforms in the territorial government of New Mexico are to be inaugurated upon the arrival in Santa Fe of Governor Curry, who has just returned from the Philippines to assume that office. President Roosevelt conferred with Curry for two hours yesterday and showed him the necessity of ruling with an iron hand until the alleged entangle of intrigue and graft in New Mexico has been straightened out.

### Temperance People Pleased

Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 1.—During the second day's session of the Maine Temperance society a telegram announced the passage by the Georgia legislature of a prohibitory liquor law. The prayer and praise service was changed into a meeting of general congratulations, the audience receiving the announcement with tears and handclapping, while the leaders on the platform clasped hands enthusiastically.

### "Flareback" Theory Endorsed

Washington, Aug. 2.—Acting Secretary of the Navy Newberry has approved the findings and recommendations of the board which investigated the accident on the battleship Georgia on July 15 last, resulting in the death of 10 officers and sailors and the injury of a number of others. The navy department is now convinced that the cause of the accident was beyond question a "flareback."

### Alleged Slayer of His Child

New York, Aug. 1.—Anton Lange, 56 years old, who is charged with the murder of his 10-year-old daughter, Maria, at their home in Brooklyn, was brought here last night from Pittsfield, Mass., where he was arrested. Lange disappeared on April 1 last. On the same day the child's body was found with the throat cut. Before death the girl had been horribly mistreated.

### Kidnappers Got $75,000 Ransom

Saloniki, Aug. 2.—The ringleaders of the band which kidnapped Robert Abbott on March 24 last have been captured and confessed their guilt. A ransom of $75,000 was paid to the kidnappers for the young man's release, and a large part of this ransom has been recovered. The British government insists that the ransom be repaid by the Turkish government.

### Mother's Cuticle Grafted on Son

Greenwich, Conn., Aug. 2.—A very difficult skin grafting operation has been performed here by Dr. Burke of this place. He took 50 square inches of cuticle from the arms of Mrs. Joseph Graf and grafted it on the abdomen of her 6-year-old son, who had been so badly scalded by boiling coffee that the cuticle had been entirely consumed.

### Fleet Going to the Pacific

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 2.—Secretary Loeb says that there has been no change in the plans to send the Atlantic battleship fleet to the Pacific ocean, and that the necessary preparations for the trip are now being made by the navy department.

### Bicyclist's Skull Fractured

Providence, Aug. 2.—In a five-mile handicap motor cycle race at the Hillsgrove track, J. L. Pickering was thrown from his machine by a punctured tire and dashed against a post. His skull was fractured and he received other injuries which are likely to prove fatal.

# "NEW ENGLAND"

Vast Crowd at Boston's Old Home Week Celebration

## PARADE A GREAT EVENT

Ten Thousand Persons In Line Representing the Army, the Navy and Trades--Elaborate Fireworks Display at Dedication of Bridge

Boston, Aug. 1.—When Boston's Old Home week officials selected the name "New England day" for yesterday's features they showed considerable foresight, for it was certainly New England's day. Advertised as the "big" day of the week, thousands poured into the city by trolley and steam cars from early morn until the noon hour, for the purpose of witnessing the biggest attraction of the week—the civic and trades parade. With that veteran fighter and soldier, Lieutenant General Miles, as its commanding officer, it was an incentive to crowd the streets, and it is doubtful if there have been many processions in Boston ever witnessed by more people.

To most people, especially those from a distance, the greatest attraction was the marines and bluejackets and their swinging step evoked much enthusiasm. The military bodies also came in for much applause. Vice President Fairbanks, who rode in a carriage with Boston's mayor, was not forgotten, neither was the mayor himself. Both were kept bowing from the time the parade started until they left their carriage at the reviewing stand in Tremont street.

It is many years since Boston has had a civic and trades parade and the novelty was greatly enjoyed by Bostonians as well as the visitors.

The parade was reviewed by the vice president, the governor and the mayor from the stand on the Tremont street mall of the common. A little further down Tremont street was the "Living Flag," composed of 1250 children, and those who were fortunate enough to get a location nearby saw a very pretty sight. On the reviewing stand was stationed the committee selected to award the prizes in the trades division.

The new $3,000,000 bridge connecting Boston and Cambridge was dedicated last night with an elaborate display of fireworks, a boating carnival on the river, band concerts at both the Boston and Cambridge ends of the bridge and the extensive illumination of the new structure.

Thursday was "Massachusetts day." The chief event was the official luncheon given at the Hotel Somerset by the city in honor of the visiting governors of the New England states, the mayors of New England and Canadian cities, and other invited guests. There were about 200 in attendance.

The Rose Dorothea, owned by Marion Perry of Provincetown and sailed by John Watson of Duxbury, won the race for the cup.

A firemen's muster, in which 40 handtubs competed, parading through the streets of Boston, following which they held a playout on the common, was the principal feature of Tuesday. At Dedham the Fairbanks family, of which the Vice President of the United States is president, held its annual reunion, the vice president being present. At the navy yard the frigate Constitution was thrown open to the public.

A gorgeous electric pageant of floats, each commemorative of some event historical to Boston, some flower dear to its traditions or some season, closed the first week day's schedule of Old Home week, and closed its truly, for when the pageant reached the end of the itinerary the electric displays far up town were dimmed and only the finishers who were out for the purpose of shutting up the town were on the streets.

The distinctive feature of the opening day of Boston's Old Home week celebration was the presence of Charles W. Fairbanks, vice president of the United States, who made two public addresses.

### Fire Caused Three Deaths

Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 1.—David McGlashen, the father of the two children who were killed in a fire in their home Tuesday night, died yesterday as the result of his injuries received at the same time. Euphemia, an 8-year-old daughter, who was also badly burned, is still in a dangerous condition. The cause of the fire was the accidental overturning of a lamp.

### Photography by Telegraph

Berlin, Aug. 1.—Most successful experiments in long distance photo-telegraphy were carried out last night by Professor Stern from Munich to Berlin. Photographs of Emperor William, the crown prince and Professor Stern were received here over the wire, faultlessly developed.

### Thirty Slain by Berlin Ripper

Berlin, July 31.—The police declare that they have a good clue and expect shortly to arrest the "ripper" fiend who in the last few months has slain 30 little girls and has thrown Berlin into a tumult of terror.

### Fifty-Two Prostrated by Heat

Boston, Aug. 1.—There was a total of 52 heat prostrations throughout the city yesterday, the record for the summer to date. This includes 30 cases of prostrations during the Old Home week parade.

### Moroccans Massacre Europeans

Tangier, Aug. 1.—On the pretext that they were displeased with the harbor works, three tribes raided Casablanca, one of the chief seaports of Morocco, and massacred the native guards and seven Europeans. The other Europeans in the city, together with a number of Jews, took refuge on a German ship which had arrived here.

## MANY OFFICES CLOSED

Adams Express Superseded In Many Cities by American Company

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 2.—The Telegram says: In an upheaval of express systems operating in New England and the east, the American Express company has gained exclusive control of the cities and towns reached only by the New York Central lines. In this movement the Adams Express company has been forced from the Boston and Albany division of the New York Central lines between Worcester and Boston and on the Webster branch. Twenty-one Massachusetts offices of the Adams company were closed yesterday.

The American Express company has opened 31 new offices in stations formerly reached by the competing Adams Express company, has inaugurated a complete traffic system between Worcester and Boston and sent express trains over the western branch of the Boston and Albany division. Six trains between Boston and Worcester which had been operated by the Adams Express company were taken off yesterday, and in order to accommodate the Worcester business the Adams Express company began a traffic business to and from Boston to Blackstone by way of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad.

### Children Poisoned In Woods

Wakefield, Mass., Aug. 2.—One little child of Mr. and Mrs. Perley I. Cummings is dead and two other of their children are critically ill as the result of eating some kind of poison while berrying in the woods. The dead boy's name is Arthur and he was but 18 months old. The other two children are Harriet, aged 5 years, and Irving, aged 4 years. It is thought that the children either swallowed some of the poison which is being placed upon trees by the gypsy moth commission, or that they ate some dogberries, thinking that they were blueberries.

### Motorman Killed In Trolley Crash

North Stonington, Conn., Aug. 2.—One person was killed and 10 were badly hurt in a head-on collision of a freight and a passenger car on the electric railway line near here. George Lucier, motorman of the passenger car, was instantly killed. According to the superintendent of the road, the accident was directly due to the disregard on the part of Motorman Lucier and Conductor Taylor of the passenger car of their orders to wait at a siding for the freight car to pass.

### Beer Was Quickly Delivered

Lewiston, Me., Aug. 2.—A new feature was injected into prohibitory law enforcement tactics when Sturgis enforcement commissioners raided the office of the Twin City Express company and seized liquors valued at $700. The raid was made on the strength of a statement made by James Matis, on trial for search and seizure, that he ordered a case of beer from the express company and it was delivered to him two hours later.

### Pole Hunt to Soon Begin

Portland, Me., Aug. 2.—Commander Robert E. Peary states that he will start for New York and then for the north just as soon as the boilers are installed in the Roosevelt. He hopes to start within a week and expects to be in winter quarters by Sept. 5. There will be no change either in his general course or in the size of his party. None of his family is going with him. He has been with his family at Eagle Island the past 10 days.

Strophan thidin, extracted from an African plant, is the most deadly poison in existence, worse even than cyanogen gas or arsine.


# GIRL BABY'S AWFUL ECZEMA

Sight of Eye Destroyed by Disease—Tried Five Doctors but Grew Worse—In Agony Eight Months—Parents Discouraged, Until They Tried Cuticura Remedies

## IN ONE WEEK ALL SORES DISAPPEARED

"Our little girl, one year and a half old, was taken with eczema or that was what the doctor said it was. We called in the family doctor and he gave some tablets and said she would be all right in a few days. The eczema grew worse and we called in doctor No. 2. He said she was teething, as soon as the teeth were through she would be all right. But she still grew worse. Doctor No. 3 said it was eczema. By this time she was nothing but a yellow, greenish sore. Well, he said he could help her, so we let him try it about a week. One morning we discovered a little yellow pimple on one of her eyes. Of course we 'phoned for doctor No. 3. He came over and looked her over and said that he could not do anything more for her, that we had better take her to some eye specialist, since it was an ulcer. So we went to Oswego to doctor No. 4, and he said the eyesight was gone, but that he could help it. We thought we would try doctor No. 5. Well, that proved the same, only he charged $10 more than doctor No. 4. We were nearly discouraged. I saw one of the Cuticura advertisements in the paper and thought we would try the Cuticura Treatment, so I went and purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies, which cost me $1, and in three days our daughter, who had been sick about eight months, showed great improvement, and in one week all sores had disappeared. Of course it could not restore the eyesight, but if we had used Cuticura in time I am confident that it would have saved the eye. We think there is no remedy so good for any skin trouble or impurity of the blood as Cuticura. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abbott, R. F. D. No. 9, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y., August 17, 1906."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), (in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, On Humors of Skin and Scalp.



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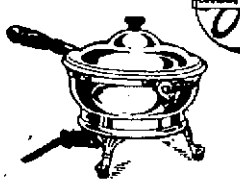
# CHAFING DISHES



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## BONFIRE OF CIGARETS

How a Woman Ridded a Bay State Town of "Coffin Nails"

Chatham, Mass., July 31.—Thirty dollars' worth of cigarets, all that the dealers in town had in stock when Mrs. Jennie K. Adams of the W. C. T. U. bought them out six months ago and secured a promise from the dealers that they would sell no more, were burned in front of the town hall last night. When cigarets will be sold in Chatham again is a question.

One day last winter Mrs. Adams quietly canvassed the stores and asked each merchant if he would refrain from selling cigarets if his competitors would. The merchants, little suspecting that the movement would succeed, answered readily: "Yes."

Before night Mrs. Adams had each merchant's word that he would sell no more after she had purchased the cigarets which he had in stock. Since then no cigarets have been sold.

Applause from the crusaders was mingled with sighs from the smokers when the torch was applied to the straw upon which the last of Chatham's cigarets were piled.

### Mischief Makers Start Riot

Boston, Aug. 2.—A crowd of boys and girls, armed with "picklers" and bent on mischief, started a small riot on Tremont street last night in the midst of the Old Home week festivities. A souvenir vender was attacked and in the melee was badly used up. A small flower store was wrecked where the vender sought protection and several fights were started. Two of the disturbers were arrested.

### A Public Utilities Commission

Hartford, Aug. 2.—The general assembly passed a bill providing for the appointment of a public utilities commission, in accordance with the recommendation of Governor Woodruff. The bill went through the senate unanimously, but in the house it caused a long debate. It finally carried, 141 to 55.

### Father and Son Drowned

Augusta, Me., Aug. 2.—Bert G. Taylor and his son, Harry, aged 12, were drowned in Bond brook. The boy was in swimming and sank on getting beyond his depth, and the father was drowned in trying to save him. Taylor was 38 years of age and the widow and four small children survive.

## Her Last Chance.

"It's so sweet of you to come," Miss Ferringham said. "So—so like you, you know. Dear, dear, when did I see you last? You're looking very well."

Montfort sat down with a sense of relief.

"It's so good of you to take it like this," he returned. "I've come on a graceless errand, I'm afraid."

Miss Ferringham sank back beside the tea table and bent over the sugar bowl.

"You've come about Archie?"

"I've certainly come about Archie?"

Miss Ferringham selected a lump of sugar with care, and held it poised for a second over a cup.

"You take sugar—still?" she said softly. "Yes? I'm so glad you haven't grown podgy and taken to patent medicines—so many men do. And it spoils one's sentimental recollections, doesn't it? It's absurd, of course, but it's so difficult to feel sentimental about a person who is afraid of eatin potatoes, and carries saccharine tablets in his waistcoat pocket."

Montfort accepted his tea cup—a little doubtfully.

"I eat your bread and salt," he said with a laugh, "but I come as an enemy."

"You couldn't come as an enemy. I refuse," Miss Ferringham declared, "to consider the remotest possibility of such a thing. You come as a friend—in disguise."

"The disguise," Montfort admitted, rather ruefully, "is a remarkably good one. My dear lady, I refuse to sail under false colors. Write me down the cruel father of melodrama at once, and let's have it over. You know you can't marry him."

Miss Ferringham looked pensively into the depths of her tea cup.

"That's what I tell him?"

"Then why," Montfort demanded with reason, "are you engaged to him?"

Miss Ferringham sighed.

"Because he is a very obstinate boy. He reminds me," she added, with a rapt air of reminiscence, "of you."

"Of me?"

"You, too," Miss Ferringham reminded him, "were obstinate—at Archie's age."

"But I gave in—I listened to reason—in the end."

Miss Ferringham's eyebrows rose slightly.

"You are quite sure it was reason you listened to?" she said. "You didn't think so at the time, I remember. Well, well—I suppose we were younger and foolish. Perhaps it was reason you listened to, after all."

There was a hint of pathos in her tone, and Montfort felt uncomfortable.

"We couldn't have lived on air. Love and a cottage sound very nice on paper, but they don't go well together in real life."

"Perhaps," Miss Ferringham suggested, delicately, "it depends a little upon the sort of love."

"It depends more on the sort of cottage." "How," demanded Montfort ironically, "should I have looked in a cottage?"

Miss Ferringham smiled at her teaspoon.

"I'm sure you'd have looked very nice under any circumstances," she said, politely.

"Thanks! You know perfectly well, Flo," Montfort ended, "that we should have quarrelled in a week."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Why refer to these impossible possibilities," she said, lightly. "We didn't quarrel—we didn't have the chance. We listened to the voice of reason. We eschewed cottages—and love. I married my manager and was wretched. You married your cousin, Lady Julia, who"—

She stopped abruptly. Montfort looked up.

"Who ran away with the footman—why don't you go on? It was the only kindness she ever did me, so you really need not mind mentioning it."

"We were neither of us very lucky."

"No," Montford said, curtly.

There was a moment of silence.

"And now about Archie. You expect me to give him up?"

"You can't marry him."

"I don't see what's to prevent it," Miss Ferringham said, with a touch of defiance. "He's of age. Of course, you can make things unpleasant—I realize that. But you can't prevent it. And—when you come to think of it—wouldn't it be better to be friends?"

"For you," said Miss Ferringham, with a spice of malice.

Montfort sat silent. He had a swift, brief vision of Archie as he used to be, before a dramatic passion for the star who had dazzled his father had put a new, unnatural enmity between them—Archie as a little boy in a white suit, with a toy cricket bat in his hand; Archie, who had always looked upon him as his best friend—until now. And the vision hurt.

He looked quietly across at the beautiful woman sipping her tea with a fine air of unconcern.

"You mean you can separate us?" he said.

There was a sudden hard sound in his voice. Miss Ferringham had, perhaps, heard it before. She nodded silently.

"I know that. Well, you must do it."

"You mean—if I've the heart," Miss Ferringham said, softly.

"It's a question of—heart?" he asked. In the light of his former knowledge of the lady it hardly seemed possible. "Why, he's a boy!" he cried, with momentary exasperation. "He's young enough to be your"—

"My—son?" said Miss Ferringham. "Oh—I suppose he is. But is it quite pretty of you to say so? In my profession"—she spoke a little bitterly—"its so difficult to grow old. Our youth means so much to us. The stage wasn't made for old women. And you tell me I'm old enough to be Archie's mother?"

"I'm old enough myself," he pointed out, "to be Archie's father. I have outgrown a boyish fancy for debutantes—if I ever had one. You and Archie can't have two ideas in common."

"We've one," she said. "Archie loves me. And I"—

She stopped. Not in any embarrassment—he felt that. Rather in a passing uncertainty as to the word she wished to use.

"You don't—you can't—love him," Montfort said, gravely.

She looked up at him. Her face was moved, and softened.

"I love his love for me," she said. "It's a passing fancy—I know that. It's foolish—I know that too. And you've just told me what I knew before—that I'm old enough to be his mother. But he loves me—and I've done without that sort of love so long. I love him for caring about me in the kind of way I haven't found since you"—

She was silent. For a moment Montfort was silent, too.

"I'm too old for him," she went on. "I know it—I've known it all the time. But it's a temptation—and I'm not strong enough to send him away. I listened to the—the 'voice of reason once; but it's too much to expect me to do that again. But you needn't be afraid for him. I'll make him happy—I'll practise all the arts of illusion. And he hasn't your brains, you know," she ended.

"You're marrying him," Montfort said, "because you—didn't marry me?"

"I'm marrying him," Miss Ferringham said, frankly, "because he's the next best thing to you that I've met. Yes."

There was a long silence. And then Montfort put down his teacup.

"Flo," he said, "there's a chance for him still—the last chance. You might marry—some one else. Some one who listened to the voice of reason—and is deuced sorry for it."

"Some one?" she wondered, with the ghost of a smile. "The last chance?" Archie's last chance or yours?"

"Mine," said Montfort. "Let him go—he'll get over it. In six months time he'll thank us for saving him from himself. But if we miss this, our last chance is gone, as well as his."

"After all," said Miss Ferringham, a moment later, "it's not my fault that I'm old enough to be his"—

"Stepmother," ended Montfort, promptly.—Nellie K. Blissett in the Eystander.

## Training of Canaries.

The breeding and training of canaries, a large number of which are shipped to the United States from the Harz Mountains, in Germany, is an interesting and little known industry. The breeding and selling of canaries in Germany has reached such proportions that it now controls the markets of the world. The annual value of the trade is conservatively estimated to be $238,000. In St. Andreasburg alone fifty thousand birds a year are raised for export. For an exceptionally good singer and breeder at least three hundred marks must be paid, and one hundred marks is often the price of a good so called "Vorsanger," or a bird used to teach the young canaries to sing by example. The normal price for good singers varies from twelve to thirty-five marks. It may be mentioned that the mark is equivalent to about twenty-four cents.

Absolute quiet and undisturbed intimate relations exist between the breeder and his birds. Many of the so called "Harz canaries" which are imported into the United States are bred in the city of Magdeburg, where some of the best singers are trained.

The training of the young birds to sing correctly is one of the most laborious and important parts of the breeders' business. The young birds, learning by imitation for the most part, acquire bad singing as well as good, and while it is the plan of the breeders that the birds should hear only the good singing of the "Vorsangers," some of them naturally chirp and whistle in an undesirable manner, and care must be taken that these are removed before their comrades have acquired from them the same bad habit and are rendered unsaleable. The art of the breeder lies in his ability to discover the slumbering talent in the bird at an early age and develop it to its highest possibilities.

Some birds show an exceptional talent for trilling, while others are remarkable for the beauty and variety of their song. The birds are divided into classes and kept in separate rooms, those having harsh and sharp voices being often placed in covered cages, where, instead of singing themselves, they are forced to listen to other good singers, through which their faults are often overcome. The better singers, after passing a certain stage, where their habits are established and they do not require the close daily watching of the breeder, are taken into a room reserved for the best singers. The elementary training for the singer is generally finished by the end of November, and the singing is at its best at the beginning of January, and again after the mating time.

The canary is in every way a house bird, and some people, with good intentions of giving the bird a little fresh air, make a serious mistake by hanging the cage out of the window on the first warm spring day. The bird is not used to the outside air, as he and his ancestors have been raised for centuries in the house, and the only result of this well intended kindness, is a cold, which results in partial, if not entire loss of the voice. Canaries are very sensitive to drafts, and some singers, the results of years of careful breeding and training, have been ruined by a few moments' exposure at an open window.—N. Y. Tribune.

## The Eddy Conspiracy Case.

The remarkable case brought by the State of Massachusetts against Asa Gilbert Eddy and Edward J. Arens for conspiracy to murder Daniel Spofford is taken up in the August instalment of the Christian Science series published by McClure's. This is one of the strangest developments of the Christian Science movement. As the author says, "The evidence on both sides is of the most anomalous and inconsequential character, and reads like the testimony heard in the nightmare of some plethoric judge." The case was nolle prossed and never brought to trial, and for the disinterested reader to form any conclusive judgment of the charges would be utterly impossible; but as a light upon the psychological history of the movement the whole trial is exceptionally interesting. The author also takes up the story of the organization of the Infant church, which for many months, held its meetings in the parlor of one of its members; of the breaking away of Mrs. Eddy's oldest followers and of Mrs. Eddy's withdrawal from Lynn.

"Mrs. Eddy's departure from Lynn was distinctly in the nature of a retreat," she writes. "A neutral field had become pronouncedly hostile; her oldest friends and most ardent workers had left her. 'Science and Health' had been through three editions, but less than four thousand copies of the book had been sold. Her following was now, for the most part, made up of indifferent material—discontented women, and young men who had not succeeded in finding their place in the world or who had drifted away from other professions. The Christian Science church was a struggling organization with considerably less than fifty members; its history had been one of dissension, and its good standing was all to make—and Mrs. Eddy was then sixty-one years old."

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy.

"I should thrash whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing seriously at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, gleefully, "cos father's broken it."—Tit-Bits.

## The Marriage of Kitty.

Harry Persons Taber in August St. Nicholas

There was a little kitten sailing on a kitten ship,
And the way the tempest roared was something fearful,
But she kept up her courage, with a smile upon her lip,
Though the water in her eyes was "awful tearful."
Then suddenly a gust of wind just swooped her off the deck,
And she fell into the dreadful salty sea.
She cried, "My goodness, gracious! Is there going to be a wreck?
And if there is, what's happening to me?"

But Captain Thomas Kitten was a-standing at the wheel,
And he threw a life-preserver pretty quick,
Kitty Kitten put it on her, but she soon began to feel
That the motion of the waves would make her sick.
She quickly got inside it and she floated on the wave
Till she surely thought she was about to sink.
Then she shouted to the Captain, "If you want my lives to save,
You had better throw me nine of them, I think!"

Then Captain Thomas Kitten got the life-preservers out,
Threw eight more of them to Kitty in the ocean.
She put them all upon her and she floated on without
Feeling any of that awful horrid motion.
She thanked the Captain kindly as she drifted to the land,
And the Captain said, "You're welcome, Kitty dear!"
And when he got ashore again he offered her his hand,
So she married him within about a year.

## What Wouldst Thou More?

John Vance in the Midsummer Holiday Century.

The sun and all the stars shine on thy head,
The grass and blossoms all are at thy feet;
Nature's glad pageantries for thee are spread,
Her winds loosed for thee, nominal and sweet;
For thee young morn binds his bright sandals on;
Fate evening leads thee to the mother-fold;
The patient seasons serve thee; none are gone
Of all the glories thronging from of old,
Hour silence sings thee her primeval lay;
A pit dream wraps round thee her enchanting light;
August companions walk with thee by day,
They share thy bed in darkness of the night;
The full years pour upon thee of their store,
They gather for thy lap. What wouldst thou more?

## Every Little Helps.

One night when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You give so little light compared with the sun."

"I do the best I can," said the light.

"Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and someone might get hurt."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give as much light as the electric light."

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here someone might fail to see it, and fall."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give even as much light as the gaslight."

"I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candle light in a nursery window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "Your light is so small. You do not give even as much light as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle, "and I can easily be carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird; and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great, "All are helpers."—Kindergarten Review.

## Bird's Eggs.

Two infinitesimal white eggs tax the tiny nest of the lovely humming bird.

One of the best architects in the world is the oriole. Its graceful nest contains four to six whitish eggs, marked with black and brown.

Four to six little white eggs are laid in the domestic phoebe bird's beautiful and finished nest.

The catbird in her scrap basket-like nest, lays four to six blue-green eggs.

Blue-white eggs of the bobolink may actually be stumbled over as one walks along the high grass.

The mocking bird of romantic fame, lays from four to six speckled green eggs in her loosely-done nest.

Two white eggs occupy the mourning dove's home, which stands for the poorest sort of bird housekeeping.

Olive-gray eggs, with brown spots (five of them), occupy the blue jay's bulky nest in a tree crotch high above the ground.

Brown and lilac spots mark the barn swallow's white eggs, which repose in the snug mud, bracket-like nest.

Six to eight minutely speckled flesh-colored eggs suffice to keep the nervous wren in her home.

The heap of sawdust at the bottom of the woodpecker's tree-trunk home forms a bed for four to six glossy white eggs.

Though the whippoorwill's two cream-speckled white eggs are laid with seeming carelessness on the ground, she is not careless with her young, picking them up as a cat does a kitten if danger threatens.—Philadelphia Record.

A veteran, going from his room one night to let out the cat, stumbled on the landing and pitched headlong down into the hall. "Why, Silas," called his wife, "is that you? Did you fall down-stairs?" "Yes," grunted the old fellow, rising slowly. "Yes, I did, and for about a minute and a half I thought I'd lost my pension."

"G-g-good evening!" said the young man who had come to speak to the girl's father.

"Good evening!" replied the old gentleman. "You look a little nervous. How do you feel?"

"Flattered," replied the young man, "I was afraid I looked scared to death."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## So Stupid.

In an old tree in a shady lane in the Park lives a squirrel family. One day Papa Squirrel ran up the tree as fast as his little legs could carry him. "My dear," he said, quite out of breath, "I was afraid I should never reach home alive. Thank goodness, I'm safe up here!"

"Poor hubby!" sighed Mamma squirrel. "Have those boys been pelting you with stones again? They ought to be ashamed—"

"Stones! They were rocks," said Mr. Squirrel, whisking his bushy tail angrily. "Do you know they were as big—as big—well, like apples!"

"Rocks are even bigger than apples, but the shame is just as great. We have never done anything to hurt those boys."

"They don't consider us; they only think of their fun."

"You are so little," continued Mrs. Squirrel, "and they are so big. I hate them!"

"They don't think of my size; they just like to see me run."

"Don't boys ever think? Are they all stupid?"

"They think it fun to see me run, and that's all the thinking they seem to do."

"That's like a baby," said Mamma Squirrel, with emphasis. "I'm glad our children know more than that. To think boys could be so stupid!"

Papa Squirrel whisked his tail again and then settled down to his dinner of nuts, but Mrs. Squirrel was in a thoughtful mood.

"Poor boys!" she sighed. "How dreadful to be so stupid as not to be able to think! My babies know better! They are so bright! I'm glad they're squirrels, even if they have to hide in the hollow of the tree."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## The Patch Told the Tale.

A new Englander recently had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared—one a decidedly decent looking man, and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation the man of the house chose the latter, appli cant.

A friend who was present evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

"Has the man worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other, "in fact never saw either of them until today."

"Then why did you chose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Face!" replied the proprietor of the place, in disgust. "Let me tell you that when you pick out a gardener, you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't."

An actor without funds managed in some way to get a second-class ticket on a line of steamers running between Seattle and San Francisco.

The voyage between these two points consumed the better part of three days, and in view of the fact that his finances were at low ebb he solved the question in this way: The first day out he slept all day to keep from eating and remained up all night to keep from sleeping. The second day he took physical culture exercises. On the third day he could not stand the strain any longer and went down in the dining room and ordered the best meal on the boat. While eating this meal he could see in his mind's eye a picture of a cell in the bastile in San Francisco.

After finishing his meal he said to the waiter, "How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing," replied the waiter, "your meals are included in your ticket."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Bill Nye, when a young man, once made an engagement with a lady friend of his to take her driving of a Sunday afternoon. The appointed day came, but at the livery stable all the horses were taken out save one old, shaky, exceedingly bony horse.

Mr. Nye hired the nag and drove to his friend's residence. The lady let him wait nearly an hour before she was ready, and then on viewing the disreputable outfit flatly refused to accompany Mr. Nye.

"Why," she exclaimed sneeringly, "that horse may die of age any moment."

"Madam," Mr. Nye replied, "when I arrived that horse was a prancing young steed."—Harper's Weekly.

Breathless they stood at last upon the towering Adirondack peak.

"There," she said angrily, "we have climbed all this distance to admire the beauties of nature, and we left the glass at home."

Tranquilly smiling, he shifted the lunch basket to the other arm.

"Never mind, dear," he said. "It won't hurt us just this once to drink out of the bottle."—New York Press.

Miss Matilda Owens hung on the arm of the editor of the Laneville Bugle, to whom she had been engaged for three years, and endeavored to turn his gaze toward the sky.

"Just notice the moon, William!" she said in a melting voice.

"At the usual rates, Matilda, I shall be happy to do so," he replied.—Youth's Companion.

A young man from the South who, a few years ago, was so fortunate as to be enabled to enter the law offices of a well known New York firm, was first entrusted with a very simple case. He was asked by the late James C. Carter, then a member of the firm, to give an opinion in writing. When this was submitted, it was observed by Mr. Carter that, with the touching confidence of a neophyte, the young Southerner had begun with the expression, "I am clearly of opinion."

When this caught his eye he smiled and said:

"My dear young friend, never state that you are clearly of opinion on a law point. The most you can hope to discover is the preponderance of the doubt."—Success.

He—Is this serial story worth reading?

She—Oh! It's perfectly splendid. It describes all the heroine's gowns, and if you write to the editor he'll send you a pattern and tell you where to get the material cheap.—Browning's Magazine.

"I'm awfully frightened way up here," said the fair young thing in the airship.

"Worry not, Clarissa," replied Harvey Giltrocks, "your fears are groundless."—Life.

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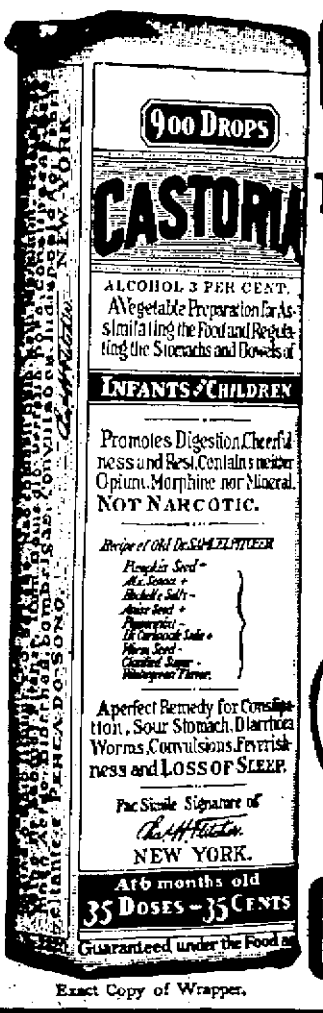

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## Lincoln's Unique Physiognomy.

"It is the popular belief, the world over, that Abraham Lincoln was in face and figure, in action and repose, an excessively ugly man," writes Truman H. Bartlett, the American sculptor, in an exceptionally intimate and illuminating study of Lincoln, published in August McClure's. The writer, so far from corroborating the common tradition, brings evidence to show that, according to the most eminent critics and to the testimony of the plain people of Lincoln's time, Lincoln's physiognomy was not only interesting and beautiful, but actually constituted a new type in sculpture. The comments of French critics on the Lincoln mask, quoted here, are most enlightening.

"When I took a plaster copy, in 1877, to the oldest Paris bronze-founder to get it cast in bronze," writes Mr. Bartlett, "I put it down on a table side by side with a mask of the Abbe Lamenais. The first words of the founder were: 'What a beautiful face! Why, it's more beautiful and has more character than the Abbe's and we think that is the handsomest one in France! What an extraordinary construction, and what fine forms it has!' Fremiet was particularly interested. He said, among other things: 'It seems impossible that a new country like yours should produce such a face. It is unique.'"

Mr. Bartlett's study is one of the most valuable and interesting pieces of impressionistic work that has appeared, throwing new light, as it does, on "the most intricate and mysterious individual problem of history."

## Hints to Housekeepers.

A few drops of any good toilet water in the last rinsing water gives a faint suggestion of perfume to the hair that is very refreshing.

A simple remedy for freckles and tan: Ten grains of borax, two ounces of lime water, two ounces of oil of sweet almonds.

Wicker furniture that has been varnished will not take enamel. If the various pieces are to be brought into harmony with the color scheme of your room, they must first be gone over with a strong solution of soda water or a varnish remover. Enameled furniture is not very satisfactory for hard wear, for it is sure to get rubbed and knocked, leaving bad spots.

All housekeepers appreciate the difficulties of mixing perfectly smooth flour thickening for gravies. One of the best methods of success is to take a new wire dishcloth with a handle and keep it for a thickening stirrer. Half a dozen whisks with this and your thickening is all mixed, much smoother than you could possibly do it with a spoon.

A reddish brown veil is the best protection against the sun's rays. White and blue veils are no good whatever since the sun's rays pass directly throug them.

Captain—All is lost. We can't save the ship!

Mosee—Did you hear that, Ikey? The ship is going down!

Ikey—What's that to me? We don't own it, nor did we insure it. Let her sink.

The Doctor—"To make my point clear, let me give you this sentence from Henry James—"

The Professor (interrupting)—"If you do I shall take an appeal."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Goodley—I saw you yesterday with your fiancee. She's awfully sweet.

Dubley—She ought to be. I've been feeding her candy every week for the past two months.—Philadelphia Press.

Block Island & Providence.
POPULAR
STEAMER
New Shoreham
Leaves Commercial wharf, Newport, on week days, 11.15 a. m.; Sundays, 11.40 a. m. for Block Island, week days, 1.15 p. m.; Sundays, 1.40 p. m. Returning, leaves Block Island daily, 3.30 p. m., due Newport, 6.15 p. m.; Providence, 7.15 p. m.
The New England Steamship Company.
S. G. WILSON, Agent, Newport.
F. C. COLEY, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., N. Y.

FALL RIVER LINE
FOR NEW YORK
—THE—
SOUTH & WEST
Palatial Steamers Priscilla and Puritan
In commission.
Orchestra and Wireless Telegraphy on each.
LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days at 9.45 p. m., Sundays at 10.00 p. m. Returning leave New York Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren Street, daily, 5.30 p. m., due at Newport at 2.45 a. m., leaving there at 3.45 a. m., for Fall River.
Tickets and staterooms at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street. J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent. Also at Saunder's wharf, Jamestown, A. W. BRIGG, Ticket Agent.
THE NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.
F. C. COLEY, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., N. Y.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.
Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.
ON and after June 2, 1907, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 5.50, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. Return 6.35, 8.30, 10.50 a. m., 12.50, 2.50, 3.55, 4.50, 6.00, 6.50 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 5.50, 8.50, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 6.00, 9.10 p. m. BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE (flag stop), 5.50, 8.50, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 6.00, 9.10 p. m. TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 5.50, 8.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 5.50, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. HYANNIS, 5.50, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 5.50 a. m., 3.05 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 5.50, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 5.50, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and Marlboro and So. Framingham, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 9.10 p. m. LOWELL, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. OAK BLUFFS, 1.00 p. m. PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren) 5.50, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m.
SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. Return 8.27, 8.50 a. m., 12.50, 4.27, 5.50, 10.00 p. m. For PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village and Taunton, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. New Bedford, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.
nDaily from Fall River.
A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
O. M. SHEPARD, Gen'l Supt.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.
Newport & Fall River Division.
TIME TABLE.
Leave Newport, a6.10, 6.50, 7.50, 8.10, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00, 10.50, 11.00, 11.50, 12.00, 12.50, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00, 10.50, b11.15.
Leave Fall River, a6.15, 6.55, 6.50, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45, 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, c11.15.
a. Omitted Sunday.
b. To Portsmouth Car Barn.
c. To Library corner, Portsmouth, only.
NEWPORT CITY CARS
Change of time June 20, 1907.
Leave Mile Corner for Morton Park—5.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m., and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days.
Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner—6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.
Leave One Mile Corner for Beach—6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.15 p. m. Sundays same as week days.
Leave Franklin Street for Beach—6.45 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.
Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.
Leave Franklin street for One Mile Corner—5.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 12.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.
Leave Franklin street for Morton Park—6.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m. and then same as week days.
Leave Morton Park for Franklin street—8.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 8.52 a. m. and then same as week days.
Subject to change without notice.
GEORGE F. SEIBEL, General Superintendent.
C. L. BISBEE, Division Superintendent.

Mother—I swear that after you have married that man, I'll never cross your threshold.

Daughter—Please put that down in writing.

Mother—Why should I do that?

Daughter—I'd like to give it to my intended as a wedding present.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

## Yankees at Close Range.

It is curious what a grave matter of concern its agricultural condition is to every country. In the face of the supercilious pity with which the West looks upon New England, a pity based upon the vastly superior agricultural resources of the West, it somehow never occurs to New England to vaunt the great wealth it possesses, to call attention to the fact that with one-thirteenth of the population of the nation, it owns one-sixth of its wealth. When Illinois curls its lips in scorn and tells of its black land rich as Nile mud, stony New England sits in abashed silence and never thinks to ask people to look at its water-power and its manufacturing cities, resources that after all surpass the pigs and corn and other pleasant viands of the West. The West is fond of saying that if the Pilgrim Fathers had landed elsewhere, New England would never have been inhabited. New England's agricultural decline has taken away all the region's pride in its wonderful manufacturing prosperity and West and East both see only the abandoned farm and not the huge factory that gives employment that hundreds of farms could not.

New England agriculture has taken decided strides in the last lustrum, but it would be idle to claim that it is what it once was. When you can buy a whole farm for less than the value of the dwelling-house, things are not what they once were. The huge barns, clapboarded without, match-boarded within, with glass windows, these big brick farm houses, it took money to erect them and they are proof positive that once upon a time farming paid in New England. That it can pay again, may, is paying again, is the opinion of many Western agricultural experts. The great city and town population of New England must eat. All foodstuffs cannot be imported and there is a big freight bill against it all.

When one has tried New England farming for only a few months his opinions must be largely theories and a priority of theories at that. Before I left Wisconsin to come here to this farm of 210 acres, I talked with Dr. William A. Henry, dean of the agricultural college of the State university, who about to retire at this commencement, has purchased a farm at Glastonbury, Conn., although he is a Western man by birth as well as residence. Said he:

"Western methods in New England will bring results in both money and crops that no other part of the country can equal. A lot of New England cannot be farmed, but a lot of it is fine farming country, and the markets surpass anything you can find elsewhere. When you go there, don't be afraid. The trouble with the New England farmer is that he is timid, afraid to try new methods and machinery, afraid to plant a large acreage."

I have heard, we have heard, that the New England agricultural population has lost its initiative and more, its morals. Stories of rustic degeneracy are rife. This is not the place to go into that, but I could take you into good looking, prosperous towns in Wisconsin, inhabited by sturdy Germans and athletic Norwegians and from the court calendar read you a tale of illegitimacy and worse things that would equal the startling stories of the good Connecticut pastor. Rural communities nowhere are saintly and what some shocked Yankees have hysterically proclaimed as peculiar to their dying hill towns, can be found in like measure in the midst of Minnesota's huge wheat fields as well.

AN ILLUSION DISPELLED.

It was upon the first and one of the few warm days of this spring that E. and myself arrived at our demesne and sculed the tall hill behind the house to visit our next neighbor, with ourselves the only inhabitants along the three miles north of the village, a district where when my mother was a girl, there were nine houses. Only the cellars of seven remain. All Yankees are mean, tricky, and above all inhospitable. In verification of these facts, our neighbor began by selling us fine seed potatoes at fifty cents a bushel, when he could have sold scrub potatoes at the store for seventy-five cents, offered to lend us anything he had, gave us a bargain in a cow, and said he had asked his cousin to sell us a horse at a moderate price. Sunday, he and his cousin appeared, each with a goodly-sized pine slab in one hand and a huge knife in the other, a knife so sharp that it cut right across the grain as if it were going through cheese. We waited for them to broach the subject of business. But being Yanks and, consequently unmannerly and avaricious they waited for us to do it. When we finally did, they did not push matters. They whittled with an increased rapidity and vigor, but they did not press the sale. Whenever we ceased our inquiries, they ceased talking business. Possibly this was diplomacy, fencing, but we both believed it was genuine politeness.

HONEST EVEN IN A HORSE SALE.

"She's a good hoss, by gosh. Gentle as a kitten. Tumble onto her in the night and she won't make any fuss."

"She'll plough and she'll harrer, Godfrey, yes."

"She'll haul fertilizer and wood. Yes, and by gosh, you can hitch her up and she'll go to town."

The voice of the "boss's" leader, as he proclaimed this culmination of the animal's virtues, rose almost to a shriek. We bought the horse and have reason to believe that our neighbor's statement that he had induced his cousin to sell her a little under the current price in order to be neighborly, was entirely true. Another count proving Yankee meanness.

Having only the one "hoss," we rounded up two men and four horses, and part of the time two more men, to hustle our potatoes into the ground. They worked faster, better than men in the West, swore more, laughed more, said more witty things. All were polite without obsequiousness, manly, independent Yankees. Certainly if only the dregs of New England's agricultural population remain, it has not been our lot to meet these dregs, so far. Having no family, we were throwing away our milk, and so we gave it to a neighbor. He insisted upon giving us part of the butter it made. So far as we could see, it was more than the butter it made. We remonstrated, said it was no generosity on our part, only giving it to him instead of dumping it out. The tip-taking spirit never lived among Yankee farmers. Our neighbor took some more of the milk, but insisted upon coming down and working part of the day for nothing. I noticed this spirit last summer in my old State of Vermont when the bellboy in the Pavilion Hotel in Montpelier refused a tip for carrying my valise to my room. "You don't owe me nothing," said he.

In one of his articles in Harper's Monthly, Julian Ralph expressed surprise because Vermont boys and girls wouldn't work in summer hotels, because Vermont farmers didn't want city people to come there. He wondered why. Well, by gosh, Vermonters don't take tips, that is why. In time, I suppose, or I fear, they will succumb, become corrupted, lose their fine mountaineer independence and cringe over the doles of greasy persons from New York city. While their independence still remains, let me commend to them a humorous habit of the Indians and some white people of northern Wisconsin and upper Michigan. These Indians do not care to have Chicago gentlemen of affairs come into their umbrageous glades and shoot deer. They want to eat the deer. They cannot eat the Chicago men, none the less, in the obscurity of shadows of the forest, many grievous mistakes are made and the slaughter of Chicago men as a matter of fact, speaking without levity, in some seasons pretty nearly equals that of the deer. Well, let the Vermonters take notice. They used to shoot New Yorkers in Colonial times, trying to take away their independence. Have at them again, my merry Green Mountain boys, there by Red Mountain and Killington and the shores of Lake Champlain.

E. is a Wisconsiner and an Arizonian. He can hustle faster than anyone else in G— County, and from this viewpoint looks down upon the natives a bit. But it is noteworthy that this Westerner says he likes the Yankees as well as any people he ever met. "My, but these people are accommodating. Public officials, private individuals, everybody here displays an accommodating spirit such as I never saw before. The Yankees are all right."

They told us we could not get help. E. attends to this. No men to be had, they said. E. had four men inside of a few hours after he had been told he could get no men at all. The curse of New England agriculture is the lack of help, they tell you. We wanted some men to cut poplar, or popple, as the United States Forestry Department as well as the Yankees call it. No woodchoppers to be had. Not a one, they said. E. being new to the country, and consequently ill-advised, went after woodchoppers, and inside of a day had four at work and three more engaged for a day or two later. The curse of New England agriculture does not seem to be the lack of help, but the adhesiveness of the employer's trousers and his chair when the matter of looking for help comes up. Here we were told there were no woodchoppers, right in a season when popplepeelers are especially in demand, and at once E. found seven men who were out of work, or would be in a day or two. The West hustles faster than New England, does not take things for granted.

RASH PLUNGERS IN AGRICULTURE.

In this locality, in my experience last year and this, last year as a spectator, I find part of what Dean Henry said is true. The people are over-cautious. "Fault of a people whose money came by saving it, not making it," said a Western millionaire to me here on this hillside, a Southerner, by the way, who came North and showed by quickly rolling up a big fortune on a foundation of nothing, that a Southerner can make money in the North as well as a Northerner in the South. Power of the strangers! These Yankee farmers still have the old-time Yankee adaptability, can master a new task, a new machine, but they are timid. We are potato farmers and our fourteen acres is the largest acreage in that crop in the State. We are already celebrated, or, rather, notorious. We are talked about down at the capital. In Maine, even in the southern counties, twenty and thirty-acre tracts are common and in Aroostook County there are hundred acre tracts. But in this State two acres of anything except hay is uncommon. We are looked upon not merely as rash, but as impious.

"By gosh, they think they are going to feed the hull city of Boston."

Nobody else during the lifetime of the present generation ever planted over two acres in potatoes, and very few have ever been so immoral as to do that. We have challenged Providence. No one really wishes us failure, but all feel failure would be deserved. Folks look at our stretch and solemnly wag their heads. Couple of fools, by gosh. Ought to have planted beans, anyway. More money in beans. The village imports most of its potatoes, the State imports nearly all of its potatoes. But we ought to have raised beans.

"More nitrogen in beans, I suppose that is your reason for saying we ought to raise beans."

"I don't know about the nitrogen, by gum, but there is more money in 'em, by gosh."

In the West, we reckon things by acres. Ask a man here how many acres of this and the other he raised, and we fine it was square rods. Farming is neither market gardening nor farming, and is as much lumbering as anything else. "Wood," by which they mean firewood, and timber, which may be pine or sawable hard wood, and popple, which is made into excelsior, often constitute the principle crop. The broad axe is more used than the plough. Even we, greatest of potato farmers in the State, are getting out our broad axes. I looked over a pretty good sized piece of ploughed ground the other day on a farm of seven hundred acres and said to the proprietor: "You cultivate more than people generally do around here."

"Yee, I have a lot under plough. Twelve acres."

His seven hundred acres was nearly all in forest. He had a few cows, three sheep, one dog, some pigs, and a wealth of cats. Hay is the greatest crop, and even so, the State has to import hay. Many farmers would like to sell hay, but the region looks with stern disapproval upon the farmer who sells hay. "Selling the fertility off his farm," and heads wag. Most farmers would as soon raise a ruction in a Free Will Baptist meetinghouse as to sell hay. So to escape criticism, you must be a dairy farmer and feed your own hay on your own place. The most profitable form of agriculture seems to be chicken raising. Everybody points out the ranch of the man who sells his eggs at fifty cents a dozen the year round to the Quincy House in Boston and clears $3000, and you see for yourself the long range of abandoned hen houses on many a farm. Chicken culture is a mystery not given all to understand.

A SLIGHT REVIVAL IN FARMING.

There is a slight awakening in agriculture here. From what I hear, the awakening is much greater in the other New England States. The Transcript's census of Massachusetts abandoned farms showed that most of them were being reoccupied, and that those which seemed permanently abandoned never ought to have been occupied. Indeed, but for the labors of past generations in clearing the soil of boulders and piling them into those amazing miles of huge walls, how many would have the courage and patience to cultivate large parts of New England? Where our grandsires did not wear their poor fingers to the bone lifting rocks, the abandoned farms will stay abandoned and ought to stay so. In its issue of June 6, the Independent says that there is no shrinkage in the farm population of the Eastern States. "The relative shrinkage of this sort ceased before the opening of this century, and the relative growth of cities ended at least fifteen years ago. It is true that the cities are still growing, but they have not, since 1890, absorbed beyond one-third of the increase of population. At the present time we believe that, notwithstanding the enormous immigration of recent years, not more than one-fourth of the total increase is dropping into city life." In the West the railroads have been great factors in improving the condition of the farmer. They may have flayed him at times, though probably they are not so bad as they are painted, but it is only tardily that the New England roads have recognized that they had something to gain from the prosperity of the farmer and have set themselves to help him somewhat late.

In Minnesota something of the squirearchy condition prevails and the rich Iowa farmer is a person of social consideration. In Wisconsin, in the last five years, an astonishingly large number of sons of prominent families have become farmers. You do not hear much of this in New England. To be sure, authors and artists buy abandoned farms, but their agricultural and horticultural operations are confined principally to making loves of fire places and dears of front porches and that isn't farming any more than Washington pie is roast beef. Part of the New England farmer's lack of social standing is due to the "summer boarder." Making comparisons is a universal recreation, and the more odious they are the more fun it is. Summer boarders do not go among the Western farmers laughing at him, and if they did he would hit them with a sled stake. Here in New England a host of individuals—I must stand by my class—go among the farmers holding them up to ridicule as something strange and unusual. These people may themselves be quite ordinary, mangling English as decidedly though in a different way, as does the farmer. But what they say goes and what the farmer says out among the hens and steers does not. I verily believe that the lack of social consideration is an important factor in driving boys and girls from New England farms. When the New England farmer is not debarred by his occupation from going in any society to which his culture should admit him, when he ranks with the professional and business men, as in the West, or even above them, as in some parts of the South, you will hear less of the decadence of New England agriculture.—Wapdon Allan Curtis, in Boston Transcript.

## Could Not See the Joke.

In this year of special commemoration of Longfellow's birth and being, any incident connected with the Craigie House at Cambridge is of interest. Before the Revolution the colonists had little or no communication with France, so that their knowledge of Frenchmen was gained through the prejudiced medium of English opinion. That the French were lovers of frogs and salad was about the only information which had made an impression on the American mind.

When the first French squadron reached Boston in 1778, Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who lived in the "Craigie House," gave a banquet in honor of Admiral D'Estaing and his officers. It was a magnificent affair, and every good thing which the country could afford was set before the guests. "My father," says the author of "Brock Recollections," "was one of the guests. He told me that two large tureens of soup were placed before the host. Tracy filled a plate, which was carried to the admiral. The consul was next helped.

"Putting his spoon in his plate, he fished out a large frog, as green as if it had just hopped out of the pond. Not knowing what to do with it, he seized it by his legs and held it up in full view. With an 'Ah!' he handed it to his next neighbor who received it and passed it on. The company was convulsed. As each examined his soup and found a frog, the laughter grew to an uproar.

"Tracy kept on ladling, wondering what his outlandish guests meant by such merriment. Presently he raised his head, and saw the frogs dangling by the legs in all directions.

"'What's the matter?' he said. 'Why don't they eat them? If they knew what trouble I had to catch them in order that I might treat them to a dish of their own country, they would think with me that at least it was no laughing matter!'"—Youth's Companion.

"I christened the other day the first baby of a married college girl," said a clergyman. "Now, babies usually cry while they are being christened, but this one was as quiet as a lamb. Throughout the ceremony it smiled up beautifully into my face.

"'Well, madam,' said I to the young wife at the christening's end, 'I must congratulate you on your little one's behavior. I have christened more than 2,000 babies, but I never before christened one that behaved so well as yours.'

The young mother smiled demurely.

"'No wonder he behaved so well,' she said. 'His father and I with a pail of water, have been practising christening on him for the last ten days.'

"The idea of rehearsing a baby for a christening! Who but a college girl would think of such a thing?"—New York Press.

By the yellow light of a lantern the tired picnickers were packing up to go home.

Suddenly a young girl stepped into the illumination, and instantly a loud outcry arose.

"What is the idea," they demanded, "in blacking up for a Fourth of July picnic?"

The young girl whipped out a pocket mirror, and saw that one cheek was quite black. Then turning reproachfully to the young man at her side, she said:

"Clarence your fountain pen has been leaking again."

Uncle Ezry (after the arrival of the first guest at his niece's reception)—"Marthy! Marthy! Lemme whisper to ye. Yer friend's dress is a-comin' right off onto the floor."

His niece—"S-h-h-h! Her gown is made that way. That is the train."

Uncle Ezry—"That's all right, but I know what I'm a-talking about. Jest look whur the other end of it is!"—Puck

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

## A Motor Car Elopement.

It was not a nice thing to do, but Mr. Basing of Basing's old bank, Stannithorpe, head of the London financial firm of Basing & Smart, doubtless thought he was justified, and, indeed, he had never been overscrupulous. So when his only daughter, in extricating a handkerchief from the ridiculous little bag which served her as a pocket, unwittingly drew forth an important letter, which, unperceived by her, fluttered to the carpet, he promptly placed his foot upon it.

"It's not a bit of use pleading for him," he said. "You don't marry that idle spendthrift if I can help it."

"Frank Mayhew is not that," she replied. "You are always saying he can't do anything, but he can drive a motor car better than anybody I know; he plays football, cricket and golf splendidly, and—"

Mr. Basing interrupted with a snort. "Plays! that's just it. Your husband must know how to work."

The girl left the room without another word.

Mr. Basing smiled grimly and picked up the letter, which he had no scruple about reading. It was written in a bold hand and ran as follows:

"My Darling Bessie—I have got the license, also your traveling trunk and dressing case—thanks to the porter. At nine o'clock, sharp, I'll be at the corner of Dean road with the new car and baggage. I have fixed up everything. We'll reach Northleigh by ten and be married by half past. Yours ever, Frank."

Mr. Basing thought a moment, made up his mind with his usual decision and looked at his watch. It was eight-forty-five o'clock. He could get to the corner of Dean road in ten minutes.

The car was there, a big twenty-horse power, moving slowly. Mayhew saw him instantly, hesitated a moment then drove up to the curb and stopped.

"Good morning," he said, as cheerfully as if nothing untoward had happened. "Just trying my new car. She's a beauty, isn't she?"

"Looks all right," said Mr. Basing, "but I'm no judge. No time for motor rides as a rule, but I don't mind if I have a spin this morning."

Mayhew took him aboard, remarking helplessly: "Cars are like some people—all right when you know them, but jolly dangerous when you don't."

"So I suppose. But my daughter tells me that you are a fine driver, and if that's the case the risk won't be great. It's a pity she's not going with us," Mr. Basing added, artfully.

The remark gave Mayhew an idea.

"I wish she were," he said. "But you can't go for a spin dressed like that, sir. You want a warmer overcoat, and your tall hat will be a picture before we have covered ten miles." And he moved the lever.

"This coat will do well and so will the hat," Mr. Basing rejoined.

. . . . . .

"Steady—steady, Mayhew!" he shouted. "If you are going at this rate I'd sooner get down."

Crouching over the steering wheel, watching the road narrowly, Mayhew had been handling or pretending to handle the levers for at least five minutes. He took his eyes off the road for an instant.

"I told you I didn't know the car," he said, "and that it was dangerous."

"Why—what's the matter?"

"Don't talk, please. The car won't stop."

A load of hay loomed up in the road, seeming to fill it from side to side. In an instant the great machine was close upon it, swerved round it on two wheels, missing a cyclist by four inches and careened along.

Mr. Basing groaned. "We'll both be killed!" he cried. "What's to be done? Is it safer behind? Can't climb over?"

"No, no! Sit still!" Mayhew shouted back. The rear of the car was packed with baggage—Miss Basing's trunk, bearing her initials in four-inch letters, her dressing case and her own largest kit bag. "There's apparently nothing for it but to let her go until all the petrol's gone," he went on. "She'll stop then, right enough. Don't do anything to distract my attention and I'll pull you through."

Presently Mayhew spoke again.

"By the way, have you any idea where we are?"

"Close to Stannithorpe, my native place," Mr Basing answered gloomily. But Mayhew remembered that his companion was chief proprietor at the old bank at Stannithorpe, and, thinking his revenge had gone far enough, he had resolved to bring the car to a stop at the bank door.

Past a few straggling houses they whizzed at thirty miles an hour, and soon entered the market street, where Mayhew made another great show of slackening speed, this time with success, for the street was full of people, excited, clamorous, surging about a big stone building, whose front bore in large gilt letters the words, "Basing's Old Bank."

"There's something wrong," Mr. Basing cried, as soon as he saw the crowd. "If you could only manage to pull up you might do me a great service."

Mayhew nodded and after another well-simulated struggle with the levers contrived to bring the car that would't stop—of its own accord—to a stand as close to the bank as the crowd would permit.

Mr. Basing sprang to the ground and almost into the arms of a venerable but wildly excited gentleman, who was flourishing a sheaf of telegrams.

"Thank goodness you've come, sir!" he cried breathlessly. "I've wired your office a dozen times this morning and got no answer from you or Mr. Smart. Your chief clerk telegraphed that neither of you was at business and he could do nothing."

"Tell me in a word what's the matter?" he said.

"A run, sir, on the bank, sir, started, goodness knows why, as soon as the doors opened, Mr. Jones thinks its some silly twaddle in the local papers has done it. But he can't keep on paying out more than another half hour and he's in an awful state of mind."

Mr. Basing shouldered his way through the crowd to the door, which was guarded by the entire police force of the town, and faced the people.

"Fellow townsmen!" Basing shouted, "I am here to tell you that the bank's in no danger. You will be paid to the utmost farthing."

A hundred angry yells answered the assurance.

Mr. Basing pushed past the policemen and entered the bank.

"Cash balance this morning?" said Mr. Basing by way of greeting.

Twenty-five thousand," was the answer.

"How much left?"

"About three thousand."

"How long will that last?"

"Twenty minutes, perhaps."

"You have wired the London offices and our agents?"

"Long ago. They are waiting instructions from you. If you had been at your office at the usual time, sir, we could have got sufficient cash here by the twelve-twenty o'clock express. We shall want $40,000 or $50,000."

Mr. Basing wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Good," he said. "Pay as long as you can then close the doors until the three o'clock express comes in." And he sat down to write a telegram.

The manager's face blanched. "Can't something more be done, sir?—to calm the people, I mean? You know—the Stannithorpe folk. They'll tear the place stone from stone, and burn what they can't smash."

"Let them tear, smash and burn, and be hanged for the fools they are!" said Mr. Basing, angry at last. "But I'll see what I can do."

As he left the room he was met by a surge of people that almost swept him off his feet. Mr. Basing struggled to a chair and mounted it.

"The bank has sufficient assets to pay you all!" he shouted.

"Ten times over," a voice added—Mayhew's. "Clear the way here! Clear the way, I say!"

Pushing, thrusting, elbowing, shoving as never had he done while playing rugby for his university, and shouting all the time, Mayhew made way for the procession of policemen—the first two carrying a huge trunk, carefully guarded by two more officers, batons in hand, another policeman followed with a big kit-bag, and yet another with a woman's dressing case. All entered the manager's room.

Collaring a burly butcher and flinging him into the crowd, Mayhew cleared a space and sprang upon the counter.

"Silence!" he shouted. "Listen to me. Not another penny will be paid until you come to your senses. So clear out the lot of you and come in two or three at a time in an orderly manner, not like a pack of wild beasts." He turned to the cashiers: "Stop paying until this lot are outside."

Mayhew kept the door. "Two at a time!" he shouted. "Two in and two out. I'll break the head of the first man that tries to rush me. Step lively, now, two at a time, or it'll be four o'clock before you're all paid. Some of you might go home and get your dinners. Hurry up! Your money is waiting!"

It was wonderful. A nervous old woman, who had just heard of the trouble, passed the guardian at the portals. A farmer galloped up on a horse, taken straight from the plow, and entered. Those were all.

The policeman trooped out. Mayhew, finding the run at an end, left his post, and entered the manager's room. Mr. Basing was sitting on the trunk, wiping his face and laughing. He got up and gripped Mayhew's hand.

"That was a clever idea, young man," he said, "and I thank you. I don't need to ask what is in the trunk, the bag and the dressing case; I've seen the initials on them. If that license you've got is good for another day don't waste it. I'll be there."—Ashmore Russan, in London Tit-Bits.

## Pointed Paragraphs.

Your sons probably please you as well as you pleased your father.

If you don't look carefully after your own affairs, who do you imagine will?

A good many people try to administer forgiveness and punishment at the same time.

About all some men get for their efforts to be dignified is a reputation of having the swelled head.

The greatest triumph for a boy is the privilege of being accepted as an equal by boys somewhat older than himself.

Don't begin to wonder how other people can afford so many things that you can't afford. That is a big step in the direction of growing envious and sour.

We have noticed that people who do exactly as they please, whether their friends like it or not, get along about as well as those who are always trying to please.—Atchison Globe.

Inquisitive Acquaintance—Have you ever thought what you would do in case your gas bag should collapse while you were half a mile or more in the air?

Daring Aeronaut—Often. I should start at once for terra firma by the shortest possible route.—Chicago Tribune.

Mars had approached to within 83,000,000 miles of the earth.

"Hold on," said the more cautious Martians, "perhaps Japan will be offended if we sail closer."

This view seeming reasonable, they reversed and scooted away at full speed—Philadelphia Ledger.

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Some of the largest ocean steamers can be converted into armed cruisers in thirty hours.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, and are satisfied that purging yourself till you are weak and sick is not good common sense, then try Carter's Little Liver Pills and learn how easy it is to be free from Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, and all Liver troubles. The little pills are smaller, easier to take and give quicker relief than any pill in use. One a dose. Price 25 cents.

A bat has been known to live for 100 years in a closed and sealed vault.

Not one in twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

Esperanto is to be taught to the cadets at the French military college of St. Cyr.

Have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

Sulphur fumes will disinfect hen houses.

A man's life should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her feel like a different person," so they all say, and their husbands say so too.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

# Women's Dep't.

## Concerning Women.

In the State of Washington, Judge Kennan, of Spokane, has appointed Mrs. A. S. Marshall and Miss Kate Hubbard, Deputy Sheriffs to do special court duty in the cases of women and children.

The Republican City Committee of Pittsburgh, Ky. has offered to permit the Woman's Club and High School Alumni Association to name the ten candidates for School Trustees to be elected next fall, without regard to the party affiliations of the candidates.

This is an example which ought to be speedily followed by every city committee in the State. It is a tacit recognition of woman's right to participate in public affairs; and if women may with propriety name the candidates, may they not with equal propriety vote for those candidates?

The men of Japan are said to be much disturbed over the presentation to the Imperial Parliament of two petitions from Japanese women, one asking for equal political rights, and the other for an equal standard of morals. The double standard is even more pronounced in Japan than in our own country, and there it is recognized by law. It is a novelty for the meek and gentle Japanese women to petition for fair treatment, but what else could the government expect now that it has admitted girls to the higher education?

Of the 500,000 adult women in Norway, 350,000 are given full national suffrage by the new law just passed.

## Mrs. Catt's Norwegian Maid.

The news that Norway had followed Finland in granting Parliamentary suffrage to women recalls Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt's amusing adventure with her Norwegian maid. The women of Norway have had municipal suffrage for some years. Several years ago, when the women of New York were trying to obtain the same right, Mrs. Catt engaged a new maid, a Norwegian. The girl was surprised at the large amount of mail received every day by her mistress, and asked Mrs. Catt's stenographer what it meant. The stenographer explained that Mrs. Catt was an officer in an organization which was working to get women the right to vote at municipal elections. The daughter of Norway looked first surprised, and then scornful. "The right to vote?" she said. "Why, in Norway we have that already. I thought they said America was the freest country in the world for women?" She drew herself up proudly and looked down upon the little stenographer, who for the moment found nothing to answer.

## Concerning Women.

The statement often made that when women vote they will no longer have children, or if they do, those children will be badly reared, has been proven false. They not only have children, but they have beautiful children; and not only beautiful children, but the most beautiful children in all the United States, since in the great beauty contest which the newspapers of the separate states have been waging, Marguerite Frey, of Denver, Colo. has been declared the "Winner of the National Beauty Tournament." Miss Frey's mother, a widow, is a fully enfranchised citizen.

In defending the vigorous action of the suffragettes of England, Mrs. Pethick Laurence says, "Politics is a great game, and the rules are to make as much trouble and noise as possible till you get what you want." Illustrating, in a womanly way, she says, "If the twins wake at night and one sucks her thumb and the other screams, which gets attention first?"

## A Lesson in Respect.

One of these old-timers taught the writer a lesson in respect that he never will forget. 'Twas in the days of our youth, when an entry clerk, we were in the habit of walking down-town with David Hale, one of the editors of the New York Journal of Commerce. The man invited the boy's confidence, and the boy was regarded by his elder.

The boy was an autograph collector, and along about 1856 he called on the President, Franklin Pierce, at the Clarendon Hotel, and felt elated at his reception and the autograph secured. As Hale and the lad walked down-town the next day, the boy said: "Last night I went up to the Clarendon to see Franklin Pierce, and he introduced me to his old woman." Quick as a flash Hale stopped, put his hand on the boy's shoulder, wheeled him around, and said: "Look here, young man, who are you talking about? Franklin Pierce is President of these United States, and he and all connected with him are entitled to be spoken of with respect. I don't care what your politics are, but never let me hear you speaking of the President or any of his family, in that way again!"—American Grocer.

## The Joys of Relic Hunting.

Quite apart from the beauty and intrinsic worth of such things, it is astonishing on looking back on one's experiences of collecting to realize how much pleasure one has got out of even a dilettante quest of antiques. The exhilarating joy of this treasure hunt, the finding of the treasure, the bargaining for it and the final bearing of it home in triumph, unwrapping it and discussing its beauties and merits, are things which add zest to life. And, as the taste for beautiful old things is more or less an acquired one and can be cultivated, this is a joy in which most people who are fortunate enough to have a little spare cash and a little spare time can share.—London Tatler.

An old Lowlander had been persistently asked by his son, who was doing very well in London, to pay him a visit. Having at length decided to comply, he spent a fortnight in the metropolis and duly returned north to tell the tale. A pompous person invited him to his house soon after the old man's return, with a view to having some amusement at the latter's expense. "And what was it that most impressed you in the great city?" asked the pompous gentleman. "Weel, sir," quoth the old fellow, "the thing abune a' that impressed me maist was my ain insignificance. 'Deed' sir, I wad strongly advise ye to gang—it wad dae ye a vast deal o' guid, sir."—Dundee Advertiser.

Mistress—I'm sorry you want to leave, Ellis. Are you going to better yourself?"

Maid—No, m'm; I'm going to get married.—Punch.

# Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1907.

### NOTES.

### THE ELLERYS OF AMERICA.

Continued.

23. William Ellery, born Bristol, R. I., 31 October, 1701, died 15 March, 1764; married at Newport, R. I., 3 Jany., 1722-3, Elizabeth (4) Almy, b. Portsmouth, R. I., 1 August, 1703, died Newport, R. I., 13 July, 1783; daughter of Col. Job (3) and Ann (Lawton) Almy. (Christopher (2) and Elizabeth (Cornell) Almy, William (1) Almy.) Their children were:

72. Abigail, born 14 Dec., 1723, d. 15 Nov., 1726.

73. Benjamin, born 7 Feb. 1725, died 12 Dec. 1797, married 1st 1749, Lucy Nassau; 2nd Mehitable Redwood.

74. William, born 22 Dec., 1727, died 15 Feb., 1820, married 1st 1750, Ann Remington; 2nd 1767, Abigail Carey.

75. Ann, born 6 May, 1732, died 27 May, 1806, married Rev. John Burt of Bristol, R. I., 28 June, 1767, son of John Burt of Boston.

76. Christopher, born 22 April, 1736, died 24 Feb., 1769, married 1st Mary Vernon; 2d Rachel King; d. 22 May, 1790. She d. 22 May, 1790.

49. Nathaniel Ellery, married Ann Parsons. Their children were:

76. A. John Stevens; b. 1751, died New York, 18 Nov., 1845.

76. B. Nathaniel, b. 1753, died New York, 1 March, 1833, married Sarah, daughter of John Cunningham, and had William, b. Gloucester, Mass., 22 Sept., 1793, married Hannah (Sayward) Foster, daughter of Capt. Daniel Sayward.

73. Benjamin Ellery married first 22 Nov., 1743, Lucy Vassall, widow of John Vassall, and daughter of Jonathan Barron, of Chelmsford, Mass. She died 10 Oct., 1752.

He married second, 22 Jany., 1769, Mehitable (4) Redwood, born Newport 27 June, 1731, died 4 Dec., 1794, daughter of Abraham (3) and Patience (Howland) Redwood, (daughter of Joseph Howland of Duxbury, Mass.) (Abraham (2) and Martha (4) (Coggeshall) Redwood, Abraham (1) and Mehitable (Langford) Redwood). Martha (4) (Coggeshall) Redwood was daughter of Abraham (3) and Elizabeth, (John (2) and Mary, John (1) Coggeshall). The children were:

77. Martha Redwood, born 13 March, 1772, married Christopher Grant Champlin, died 23 Feby., 1847.

78. Abraham Redwood, born 24 May, 1773, died 1 Nov., 1820.

To be continued.

### QUERIES.

6455. Mitchell.—Who were the parents of George Mitchell, who married, somewhere in New York State, Sarah Van Deusen, Sept. 16, 1773. Was he of a Rhode Island family?—F. M.

6456. Butterworth—Who were the ancestors of John Butterworth of Rehoboth or Swansea, Mass., who married Hannah, daughter of Robert Wheaton, before 1700?—M. N. L.

6457. Flagg—Would like ancestry of the following Ebenezer Flagg. I have quite a complete genealogical chart of his descendants.

Ebenezer Flagg, born at Boston, Mass., Oct. 27, 1710, died at Newport, R. I., Sept. 3, 1762, married Mary Ward, born Newport, R. I., Dec. 10, 1713, died May 21, 1781.

Children:

1. Dr. Henry Collins Flagg, b. Newport, R. I., Aug. 21, 1742, d. Charleston, S. C., Apr., 1801, md. Rachel Allston (mother of Washington Allston), Dec. 5, 1781. Issue.

2. Lydia Flagg, b. Newport, R. I., Dec. 15, 1743, d. Nov. 19, 1744.

3. Elizabeth Flagg, b. Newport, Aug. 4, 1745, d. Feb. 4, 1746.

4. Ebenezer Flagg (Major) b. Newport, Ap. 18, 1747, killed in the Revolutionary War, 1781. Unmarried.

5. Mary Flagg, b. Newport, Mar. 6, 1748, d. Newport, Aug. 28, 1749.

6. Marguerite Flagg, b. Newport, Aug. 6, 1750, d. Nov. 8, 1750.

7. Elizabeth Flagg, b. Newport, Sept. 19, 1751, d. East Greenwich, R. I., will dated Feb. 25, 1827; unmarried.

8. Richard Ward Flagg, b. Newport, Feb. 10, 1754, d. unmarried Mar. 8, 1772

9. Arnold Flagg, b. Newport, Sept. 4, 1756, d. Newport, Nov. 24, 1763.—L. T.

6458. Prison Ship "Jersey"—Wanted, the names of those who survived the horrors of the prison ship "Jersey."—N. R. F.

6459. Van Dalfsen—John T. Van Dalfsen, married Mar. 16, 1786, Charlotte Amelia, daughter of John Jonas and Charlotte Amelia (Coeymans) Bronck. Wanted, ancestry of John T. Van Dalfsen.—N. R. F.

6460. Skinner. Coeymans—David Skinner married Miss Coeymans. Wanted, his ancestry and her first name.—N. R. F.

6461. Rood. Stevens—Eli Rood, born 1762, married widow Mary Stevens, died in Hillsdale, Columbia County, N. Y., Oct., 1841. Wanted, his ancestry and her maiden name.—N. R. F.

6462. Roddy. Tucker—George Roddy married Charlotte Tucker. Wanted, ancestry of both.—N. R. F.

Othello had just smothered Desdemona with a pillow.

"And yet," he testified, "she used to swathe herself in three auto veils and declare that the air was fine."

Herewith all agreed the episode was accidental.

### Heights and Distances.

The following table shows the distances to well known places in this vicinity as well as the heights of various points.

These surveys were made some years ago by the U. S. Coast Survey.

| | Miles. |
|---|---|
| FROM NORTH END GOULD ISLAND. | |
| South End Prudence Island | 3 58 |
| FROM NORTH POINT CONANICUT ISLAND. | |
| South End Prudence Island | 2 34 |
| FROM COMMERCIAL WHARF, NEWPORT | |
| Nearest wharf Fort Adams | 0 90 |
| Rose Island wharf | 1 37 |
| Goat Island wharf | 0 43 |
| FROM MIANTINOMI HILL U. S. SIGNAL. | |
| Fort Adams Flag-staff | 2 59 |
| Length of Prudence Island in a straight line | 6 06 |
| Length of Conanicut in a straight line | 8 04 |
| Length of the Island of Rhode Island in straight line | 15 85 |
| Length of Goat Island from Light House to southern point | 0 74 |
| Greatest width of Prudence Island in straight line | 1 39 |
| Greatest width of Conanicut in straight line | 1 72 |
| Greatest width of Island of Rhode Island in straight line | 4 02 |
| Length of Easton's Beach, Newport, from end of Bath Road to Bridge, in straight line | 0 53 |
| Length of Sachuest Beach in straight line | 1 22 |
| DISTANCES BY ROAD, ISLAND OF RHODE ISLAND, FROM BRISTOL FERRY WHARF. | |
| Court House, Newport, by East Road | 11 55 |
| Court House, Newport, West Road | 10 92 |
| Centre Easton's Beach, shortest road | 12 22 |
| Centre Sachuest Beach, shortest road | 11 25 |
| Centre Third Beach, shortest road | 11 63 |
| Purgatory | 11 13 |
| Paradise Rocks | 10 75 |
| FROM COURT HOUSE, NEWPORT. | |
| Stone Bridge, by East Road | 11 68 |
| Glen | 6 29 |
| Centre Third Beach (around Parade) | 4 05 |
| Centre Sachuest Beach (around Parade) | 3 48 |
| Centre Easton's Beach (around Parade) | 1 49 |
| Purgatory around Parade | 2 72 |
| Paradise Rocks around Parade | 3 51 |
| Fort Adams Parade via Thames street and Wellington Avenue | 3 77 |
| Pirate's Cave near Bateman's, by outer road, past Mr. Bronson's residence | 4 23 |
| Around Neck via Thames street and Wellington Avenue, by outer road, Ocean and Bellevue Avenues, back to C. H. | 10 69 |
| Spouting Rock via Thames street | 2 63 |
| Boat House via Bellevue Avenue around Parade | 2 93 |
| Miantinomi Hill | 1 52 |
| AROUND CLIFF PATH, NEWPORT FROM BATH ROAD, | |
| Narragansett Avenue | 0 61 |
| Marine Avenue | 1 41 |
| Boat House (total length of Cliff Path) | 2 77 |
| DISTANCES IN NARRAGANSETT BAY, IN A STRAIGHT LINE—FROM FOX POINT, PROVIDENCE, TO | |
| Coaimicut Point | 7 66 |
| Nayat Light | 6 69 |
| Rocky Point Wharf | 8 66 |
| Bristol (Centre of Common) | 11 86 |
| Fall River Post Office | 14 74 |
| East Greenwich (centre of town) | 10 81 |
| Wickford (centre of town) | 16 81 |
| Beaver Tail Light | 21 91 |
| North Point Prudence Island | 8 24 |
| South Point Prudence Island | 9 36 |
| Quonset Point | 2 31 |
| North end Conanicut Island | 3 79 |
| Beaver Tail Light | 8 70 |
| FROM WARWICK LIGHT. | |
| North Point Prudence Island | 1 72 |
| North Point Conanicut Island | 6 34 |
| South Point Poppasquash Neck | 4 12 |
| Beaver Tail Light | 14 51 |
| Nayat Light | 4 47 |
| FROM QUONSET POINT. | |
| Warwick Light | 5 51 |
| Southwest Point Hope Island | 1 17 |
| North Point Conanicut Island | 2 60 |
| South Point Prudence Island | 4 08 |
| FROM BRISTOL FERRY LIGHT. | |
| North Point Prudence Island | 4 61 |
| South Point Prudence Island | 5 53 |
| South Point Papasquash Neck | 2 07 |
| Mount Hope Point | 1 59 |
| Rocky Point Wharf | 6 20 |
| Slade's Ferry (greatest length of Mount Hope Bay) | 7 63 |
| Fall River Turnpike, Warren (length of Bristol Neck) | 6 01 |

Heights in and Around Newport.

| HEIGHTS NARRAGANSETT BAY, ABOVE HIGH WATER MARK. | Feet. |
|---|---|
| Quaker Hill, Island of Rhode Island | 250 00 |
| Fall River, northeast corner Stevens and New Boston Road | 254 45 |
| Fall River, Hathaway's steps, corner Cottage and Second streets | 212 91 |
| Fall River, stone upper end Hathaway Av. | 212 73 |
| Mount Hope | 217 00 |
| Barber's Heights, highest point, western shore of Bay, west of road from Wickford to Narragansett Pier | 200 00 |
| Clutch lightning rod, house of Henry Bull, Esq., Newport | 180 95 |
| Highest point Prudence Island | 170 09 |
| Miantinomi Hill, base of U. S. Coast Survey Signal | 157 75 |
| Highest point Conanicut Island | 130 00 |
| Top of Cupola house Theodore Pillsbury, Esq. | 111 05 |
| Telegraph Hill | 102 43 |
| HEIGHTS IN NEWPORT, BY LEVEL | |
| ABOVE HIGH WATER MARK. | FEET. |
| Northeast cor. Greenough Place & Catherine st. | 95 00 |
| Northeast corner Fillmore and Catherine sts. | 90 00 |
| Southeast corner Pelham st. and Bellevue Avenue | 86 00 |
| Southeast corner Club House and Church street | 85 50 |
| Southeast corner Greenough Place and Ayrault st. | 83 70 |
| Northwest corner Bull and Kay streets | 80 60 |
| Northwest corner Touro and Kay streets | 80 00 |
| North west corner John street and Bellevue Ave. | 80 00 |
| Southwest corner Bellevue Av. and William st. | 76 40 |
| Northwest corner Mann Avenue and Kay street | 75 80 |
| Northwest corner Kay and Ayrault streets | 72 40 |
| Touro street, base of lamp post, Mrs. Armington's house | 70 00 |
| Mr. Powel's gate, Bowery st. | 70 00 |
| Ocean House, lower step, South end | 70 00 |
| Northwest corner Clay street and Narragansett Avenue | 64 00 |
| Flag stone door step, West side house Edward King, Esq | 62 25 |
| Northwest corner Cary st and Bellevue Av. | 62 43 |
| Northeast corner Mt. Vernon and Touro sts., base lamp post | 60 00 |
| South side Bowery street, opposite Mr. King's gate | 60 00 |
| Southeast corner Bellevue Avenue and Dixon streets | 60 00 |
| Southwest corner Berkeley Avenue bridge | 60 00 |
| Northwest corner Dixon street bridge | 90 00 |
| Northwest corner Narragansett and Bellevue Av. | 59 00 |
| Northwest corner Webster street and Bellevue Av. | 52 80 |
| Southwest corner School and Touro streets | 60 00 |
| Southwest corner Spring and Dixon streets | 40 00 |
| Southwest corner Petry and Spring streets | 40 00 |
| Southwest corner Division and Touro streets, base lamp post | 40 00 |
| Northeast corner Broad and Cranston streets | 40 00 |
| Southeast corner Tanner st. and Equality Park | 39 00 |
| Northeast corner Pelham and Spring streets | 37 19 |
| Northeast corner Mann Avenue and Broad st. | 34 40 |
| Southwest cor. Tanner and Spruce streets | 33 50 |
| Northwest corner Tanner and Callender Avenue | 30 00 |
| Southwest corner Touro and Spring streets | 30 00 |
| North side Pelham st. opp. Stewart's stable | 20 00 |
| Southwest corner Farewell and Broad streets | 20 00 |
| Northeast corner Farewell and Warner streets | 20 00 |
| Southeast corner Thames and Dearborn streets | 10 00 |
| Southeast corner Brewery and Thames streets | 10 00 |
| Northwest corner Hammett's lumber yard and Thames street | 10 00 |
| Northeast corner Thames street and U. S. Hotel | 10 00 |
| South side of Touro street, crossing at foot of Parade | 10 00 |
| Northeast cor. Marlborough and Thames sts. | 3 30 |

### Poor Citizens.

Little desire for the exercise of the elective franchise seems to be felt by the Filipinos, at least those resident in the city of Manila, according to information received by the Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department. The fact is disclosed that out of a total population of about 220,000 in that city, only 7,532 persons have expressed a desire to vote at the election which takes place on Tuesday next, and of these 865 are Americans. The election to be held is for the choice of members of the new Philippine Assembly, and the occasion will furnish the first opportunity the Filipinos have had for the exercise of the privilege of choosing general representatives—a privilege highly valued in most other countries. The officials of the Insular Bureau are surprised at the lack of interest shown in the approaching election, particularly in Manila, where the percentage of educated persons is larger than elsewhere in the islands, and their surprise is certainly very natural.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Clifton King are entertaining Miss Elsie Briggs of Stonington, Conn.


## How It Is?

Our newspaper prices are always so low and the goods in our windows always bear the stamp of the high priced kinds? The confusion is mostly with you. If you'd satisfy your curiosity and inquire, you'd always find that the fine high priced looking things in our windows aren't nearly so high priced as you imagine. Beautiful always, but low priced—that's the force that keeps this big store going.

## Mahogany Bureaus

Sounds fine, doesn't it? The sight is finer than it sounds—over 30 different designs all drawn up for inspection; beauties, every one, and so little priced you'll scarcely believe it's true. Here's one, with large French pattern plate mirror, between gracefully outlined standards, base of beautifully figured wood, serpentine shaped top drawers, you'd never guess less than $25. $18.00

## A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

## Would You be Happier?

Make a start in life. Own your own house lot. Then build at your pleasure.
The Anthony Land Co. have subdivided the Wilbur Farm Tract into just the right sized house lots, and now offer them to the public at from 8 to 15 cents per foot.
Take a little trip out Bliss Road and see for yourself, if this is not an ideal place for a little home.
Note the short distance from the city, the beautiful view of the ocean and surrounding country. Note also that it is the right distance from the electric road, to have its convenience and escape the dust. Note that Bliss Road is macadamized.
Ask the people who purchased land of us on Malbone Road if they made any mistake.
Our policy is still the same, buy right and divide our good luck with our customers. We closed up the Malbone Road land in a hurry, and expect even better things of this. Act quickly and get your pick of the land.
Don't be afraid to ask us for further information.

## WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS, Newport, R. I.

## What! No Telephone?

You are neglecting your opportunities. You are depriving your family of one of the greatest conveniences.

Consult Us for Rates.

***

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET


### Carried it in His Head.

When four years old Mozart played minuets and learned music with facility, and at the age of six he composed a concerto for the harpsichord, which, though written strictly in accordance with the principles and technic of his art, was yet so overloaded with difficulties that it could not be played.

It is related that Mozart once happened to put off some music that he had been engaged to furnish for a court concert so long that he had not time to write out the part which he himself was to perform.

The Emperor Joseph, who was of a curious turn, chanced to be in the composer's studio when he asked: "Where is your part? I do not see it among these sheets of music."

"Here," responded Mozart, touching his forehead.—St. Louis Republic.

The small inflamed tumor, or boil, called a sty, which sometimes forms at the edge of the eyelids, though inconvenient and painful, is not dangerous. A bread poultice to which a little olive oil has been added promotes suppuration and helps it to run its course.

He who has three enemies must agree with two.—German Proverb.

### NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN AND GUNNERS.

Regarding Trespass.—Every person who shall shoot at or kill any bird upon land not owned or occupied by himself, and without permission of the owner or occupant thereof, shall forfeit and pay to the owner or occupant thereof $5 for the first offence, and $10 for every subsequent offence, in addition to the damage sustained. The foregoing applies to persons shooting birds, which may be lawfully killed, also to persons shooting or hunting wild hawk, owls or crows for bounty.

Regarding Posted Lands.—Whosoever shall enter upon the land of another for the purpose of either shooting, trapping or fishing, when the same shall be conspicuously posted by the owner or occupant with notices that shooting, trapping or fishing is prohibited thereon, or whoever shall, without right, mutilate, destroy or remove any such notice shall be fined not exceeding $20.

New Law, Chapter 1456, passed April, 1907.—Non-residents of Rhode Island require a license from the Secretary of State to kill any wild bird or animal in the State. This license costs $10 and terminates every 31st December. It costs only $1 to a non-resident if he be a member of a Fishing or Hunting Association incorporated prior to April, 1907, said association owning $1000 of real estate in Rhode Island. Any non-resident possessing individually $1000 of real estate in Rhode Island is exempt from this Act of the Legislature.

A. O'D. TAYLOR.
State Commissioner for the Protection of Birds for Newport County.
Office 132 Bellevue Ave., Newport.
August 1st, 1907.—8-3-1w


## Newport Casino.

Music for the Season of 1907.

On and after Monday, July 8,
MORNING CONCERTS
Every Week Day
From 11 to 1 o'clock.

Concerts Every Wednesday Afternoon from 3 to 5.

Sunday Evening Concerts.
Beginning at 8 o'clock.
If stormy the daily and Sunday Concerts will be held in the Casino Theatre.

ANNUAL
## CLAM BAKE.

The Middletown M. E. Church will have their Annual Bake at

## The Bryer Farm

WEDNESDAY, August 21,
(If fair, if not, next day.)

The cars of the Newport and Fall River line will stop at farm, making trips every 15 minutes.

BAKE OPENED AT 1 P. M.

Tea, Coffee, Ice Cream, Cake, etc., for sale on the grounds. The Ladies' Aid Society will have fancy work for sale.

Dinner Tickets, 50 cts. Children under 12, half price.

The M. E. Church Clam Bakes have a world-wide reputation for excellence.
8-3

## The Traitor,

By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

THE CLOSING VOLUME OF
"The Trilogy of Reconstruction."
"The Leopard's Spots."
"The Clansman."
"The Traitor."

A thrilling story of love, adventure, treason, and the United States Secret Service, dealing with the decline and fall of the Invisible Empire, or Ku Klux Klan.

## CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.


### Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Division.

TIME TABLE.

Leave Newport for Fall River at 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 8.30 a. m., then every 15 minutes to 6.00 p. m., then half hourly to 10.30 with last car leaving at 11.15 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Newport at 5.50 a. m., then every half hour to 9.00, thence every 15 minutes to 7.00 p. m., then half hourly to 11.30 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Island Park only every 15 minutes from 7 p. m. to 11.00 p. m.

On Sundays first car will leave Newport at 7.00 a. m. and Fall River at 6.50 a. m., otherwise running as on week days.

### NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 20, 1907.

Leave Mile Corner for Morton Park—6.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m., and 10.59, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 8.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner—6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for Beach—6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.15 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach—6.45 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner—6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin street for Morton Park—6.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m. and then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin street—6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

Subject to change without notice.

GEORGE F. SEIBEL,
General Superintendent.
C. L. BISBEE,
Division Superintendent.

### SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Savings Bank of Newport, held Friday, July 19, 1907, the following officers and trustees were elected for the year ensuing, viz.:

President—J. Truman Burdick.
Vice President—Henry C. Stevens.
Trustees—Thomas A. Lawton, Albert K. Sherman, William K. Covell, William P. Sheffield, Jr., William H. Hammett, Peter King, G. Norman Weaver, Alex. N. Barker, Anthony Stewart, William P. Buffum, William P. Carr.

At a Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Savings Bank held on the adjournment of said annual meeting, the following officers were elected for the year ensuing, viz.:

Treasurer—Grant P. Taylor.
Assistant Treasurer—Harry G. Wilke.
Secretary—William H. Hammett.
Bookkeeper—Edwin S. Burdick.
Counsel—Clark Burdick.
Auditing Committee—Henry C. Stevens, J. Truman Burdick.
Standing Committee—J. Truman Burdick, William H. Hammett, Alex. N. Barker, Albert K. Sherman, Anthony Stewart.

7-27 WILLIAM H. HAMMETT, Sec.

### OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

ON and after this date the carcasses of all animals dying within the limits of the city of Newport shall be disposed of in the manner prescribed by this board, and all such carcasses shall be turned over to Harvey S. Copeland for disposal, and the carcasses of no animal dying within the city limits shall be disposed of in any other way.

Information as to the existence of carcasses of dead animals transmitted to the following address will receive prompt attention. Office of the Board of Health per Harvey S. Copeland, telephone 1055.

JOSEPH HAIRE, President.
July 20, 1907—7-27

### 173d Dividend.

### SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT

THE TRUSTEES of this institution have declared a semi-annual dividend at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all deposits by the rules entitled thereto, payable on and after Saturday, July 20, 1907.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.
Newport, R. I., July 10, 1907—7-27


## Vanity Fair

East Providence, . . Rhode Island

LEADS ALL
SUMMER
AMUSEMENT RESORTS
—IT HAS—

## Fighting the Flames

And Countless Other Attractions

SHORE DINNERS and
RHODE ISLAND CLAMBAKES
Are our Specialty.

N. B. Special rates and other inducements for Outings to Clubs, Societies and Kindred Organizations.

6-29-tf


### ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, July 13th, 1907.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport Administrator of the estate of STEPHEN E. GRATRIX, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

7-13-3w WILLIAM F. GRATRIX.


## Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to
2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
## Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

A Full Line of all the
## NEW
AND
## Improved Varieties
OF
## VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

## Fernando Barker.

## Just Out!

## Six New Panoramic Post Cards.

TRAINING STATION,
WASHINGTON SQUARE
BEACON ROCK,
THE BEACH,
HARBOR FRONT,
THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

SOLD BY

Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. D. Dudley, 5 & 10 Cent Store, Landers & Son, Wm E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Stacy, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co. and by the publishers,

MERCURY
PUBLISHING COMPANY

## 214 Thames Street.

## PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, $3 up. Special Rates by the Week.
2-21 F. H. WISWELL, Prop.

## McLELLAN & HEALD

SAILMAKERS

AWNINGS, TENTS AND FLAGS
BOAT COVERS, CUSHIONS
SPRAY HOODS AND
FENDERS

Commercial Wharf, Newport, R. I.


### NEWPORT DIRECTORY For 1907.

THE CANVASS for the Newport Directory for 1907 is just finished and if any persons have made changes since the canvasser called, or are in doubt as to whether or not the information was correctly given when he did call, will send notice of the same to the News store of William P. Clarke, 291 Thames street, at once, the correction will be made before printing. 6-1-tf


## Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

## BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,
6-9 Real Estate Agent.